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### THE IMPERIAL ENGINEER.

TO wield absolute power, and, at the same time, to escape the responsibility which it entails, to enjoy the pleasures which attach to a position of the highest authority, without incurring its liabilities, is to solve the most difficult problem which can be presented to the mind of a ruler, and involves a degree of dexterity and tact which few, even of those who have achieved greatness, have possessed. The attempt of the Emperor to fasten upon his Legislative Chamber the unpopularity of his Italian policy, seems likely to succeed; and while he persistently proceeds to carry out designs which he never meant to abandon, he reserves to himself the right of appealing to the public opinion, as expressed by excited deputies.

Meantime we watch with interest Parliamentary Government passing through its ordeal in Paris. The safety-valve, lightened of the heavy weight, has opened, and the high-pressure steam of years has rushed out and disappeared. The orators of the *Corps Legislatif* must now feel considerably relieved, and the Emperor no doubt sits more comfortably, certainly more complacently, on his throne in consequence of the happy escape of so much elastic and explosive force from otherwise dangerous subjects. His Majesty, with imperturbable coolness, congratulates the exhausted orators on their "vivacity," and evidently believes, as he states in his reply to the message, that he has succeeded in "sweeping off the path of civilization the prejudices which obstruct it and the Utopias which compromise it."

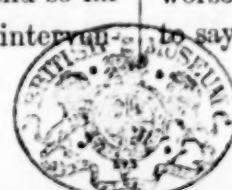
There is, after all, real genius in Napoleon. He is no commonplace engineer. Watching the steam-gauge with an observant eye, he saw a steady increase of pressure which he could not afford to allow to accumulate much longer, and therefore he lifted off the government valve a few pounds, and the element which might have convulsed a kingdom or shattered a throne has escaped, affording amusement to the spectators, and provoking from himself congratulations on its "vivacity."

In this country the excess of pressure is daily relieved by newspapers, clubs, societies, platforms, and meetings of all sorts, from Parliament down to Marylebone parish vestries. No attention or superintendence is required among us; our machinery is self-acting and self-adjusting. Interference with it on the part of the Government would do mischief. The *laissez faire* treatment is in this country the actual and the best; the licence always escapes, and the liberty remains. But in France there is, and must be, a watchful engineer. The machinery there needs great attention; the least relaxation of unwearied vigilance might be fatal. The social machinery in France has no self-regulating power; it cannot be trusted to itself for a day. The eye of the Imperial Engineer must be fixed on the steam-gauge, and his hand rest on the lever of the safety-valve at all hours. But his touch is perfect—his appreciation accurate as instinct—and hence the action of the complicated machinery is regulated by a marvellous wisdom, and heretofore with unbounded success. The escape of high-pressure steam in March, 1861, gives the Emperor a slight prospect of a quiet summer in France, and so far leaves free his energies for military action and foreign intervention.

tion. The Emperor now draws a long breath of relief, while with mingled sarcasm and contempt he praises the "vivacity" of his senators. It is absurd to underrate the genius of Napoleon, or to attribute to chance, and accident, and change of mind, his policy. Depend on it he thinks deeply, and sees far, and acts accordingly. Sooner may we catch some ancient weathercock on some hoary steeple standing all day with his tail toward the rising sun in an easterly gale of wind, than find Napoleon at odds with the age, or insensible to the exigency of the hour. How his brain can bear the load of solitary thought we know not, but that it does is plain enough; for he thinks what other men merely dream, and speaks what other men imperfectly think, and acts where others talk.

There is one element which it costs him most thought to regulate—that is, the priestly. It taxes his engineering skill to the very utmost. Superstition shields it on the one side, the partizans of the old *régime* uphold it on the other, and the secrecy of its inspirations in the confessional, and the superhuman influences imparted into it, lend it a dangerous strength, which he has felt it no ordinary difficulty to cope with. Were it a purely national growth or creation, he could make short work of it. He would very soon put out its fires or ally it to the national power. But the steam that works it is generated at Rome, and laid on from the Vatican in channels secret and impenetrable, and when there is least noise there is often brewing the greatest mischief among those whose hearts are more awed by Pontifical terrors than won by imperial compliments. It is this difficulty that gives his Roman policy apparently a zig-zag, but really a steady though slow progression. His treatment of his bishops, *mutatis mutandis*, is precisely that which he has applied to his orators. He provokes the episcopacy to wrath, lightens the weights that keep it down, and hence we hear it blowing off at Orleans and Poitiers, disgusting the sober-minded, and giving him what he specially covets, a reason for a repressive policy, while the elastic episcopal vapour escapes and renders what remains less formidable. His soldiers at Rome are not employed in protecting the Pope but in watching Antonelli and the cardinals. The Emperor reads their private reports with the greatest interest. They are really protecting the Tuileries not the Vatican. They prevent the cardinals from doing mischief in Paris, not the Piedmontese or Austrians from assaulting Rome.

We are not the apologists of the Emperor, or the advocates of his measures. But it would be unjust to refuse to him the admiration which great genius never fails to create. Had he very different materials to deal with, we would denounce his whole political programme. But considering the temper—the turbulent temper—of Paris, and the superstitious ignorance of the provinces, and viewing his policy as one looks on a chess-board, we cannot help thinking that the only man who is able to rule the French for good or for evil, now occupies the imperial throne. Were he to die or fall, it is too probable that the fearful scenes of 1789 and 1848 would be reproduced with augmented horrors on the streets of Paris. Whether worse than these will occur in his lifetime, we do not undertake to say.



## THE STRIKE.

THE chronic ill-will that Labour seems to entertain against its best friend, Capital, has broken out with more than its ordinary virulence in various parts of the country. The power-loom weavers of South Lancashire have struck work for the old and cogent reason that their masters have attempted to reduce their wages; while the masons and operative builders of London have struck for the very singular, if not incomprehensible, reason, that their masters have attempted to increase, not only their wages, but their liberty. There are strikes at this moment in Manchester, Ashton, Staleybridge, Hyde, Oldham, Clitheroe, Newton, Glossop, Bolton, Dudley, Bath, and other towns. Power-loom weavers, spinners, piecers, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, plasterers, nail-makers, and other workers of the great hive, have turned out in thousands, and reduced themselves to temporary idleness and destitution in support of a principle—true or false—in which they believe, and for which they are ready to starve themselves and their helpless families. In some places it is the amount of wages that is complained of as being too small. In others it is the hours of labour that are objected to as being too long; and in others it is the employment of married women in factories, competing with men at lower wages than a man will accept, which is the bone of contention. On both sides the disputants are obstinate and more or less unreasonable. The temper of the masters is exasperated at the stoppage or loss of their trade—and that of the men by the spirit of revenge, and by the vehement appeals of paid professional demagogues, who urge them to resist the tyranny of capital, and to prove, even by the pangs of starvation, that "Britons never will be slaves."

This state of feeling is very deplorable. Without entering into the merits of the case in Lancashire, as between masters and men, for the reason that no authentic or reliable statement has as yet been made on either side, we shall confine the few observations we have to make on the subject to the sudden renewal of the ancient feud between the operative builders of the metropolis and their employers. When we reflect that in the summer and autumn of 1859 these men suffered months of privation and misery, in the attempt to coerce their masters into giving them ten hours' wages for nine hours' work; that Capital ultimately gained the day; and that impoverished and disheartened, the labourers, skilled and unskilled, returned to their work for a brief season, only to see it stopped by the severity of the winter of 1860-1—we must come to the conclusion that the men believe themselves to have a strong cause and an unanswerable plea against their masters; if after so short a truce they renew the desperate conflict in which they were so signally discomfited. Yet the slightest investigation of their case, as stated by themselves, shows it to be so singularly weak, inconclusive, and untenable, as to make their best friends the first to wonder at their folly. Not only is their conduct in the highest degree tyrannical towards their masters, but—which, perhaps, they do not suspect—it is most unjust and barbarous towards each other.

Stripped of all extraneous issues and circumlocution of statement, the case appears to be simply and nakedly as follows:—The skilled operatives in the building trade earned, in 1859-1860, the sum of 5s. 6d. per day, or 33s. per week, working ten hours per diem for five days, and eight hours on Saturday;—in all fifty-eight hours. Not satisfied with these terms, they struck in a body to obtain the same amount of wages for nine hours' work per diem for five days, and eight hours on Saturday, as before. The masters did not object to limit the hours of labour, but they refused to pay ten hours' wages for nine hours' work, and they carried their point, at the cost of much pecuniary loss to themselves, and of incalculable damage and misery to the men.

This year, there being much building work to be done, and the old rancour about the hours of labour still existing in the minds of the operatives, the men renewed their old demand. The eminent firms of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, and of Sir Morton Peto, who desire to employ the best skilled labour that is to be procured in the market, immediately came forward with a proposition that seems to cut at the root of the difficulty, and to be equally advantageous to all parties. Instead of paying 5s. 6d. per day, they offer to pay 7d. per hour, leaving it to the operative to work as few or as many hours as he pleases. If he chooses to work ten hours a day, his wages will be 5s. 10d. a day, instead of 5s. 6d. as at present; and if he chooses to stop work on Saturday at four o'clock as at present, he will gain for his fifty-eight hours of work a weekly wage of 33s. 10d., being an increase of 10d. per week over his present earnings. Nothing, on the face of it, would seem to be fairer on the part of the employers, or more generally favourable to the men. Yet the men object, and have struck work rather than comply. For what reasons? Mr. George Potter, the recognized mouthpiece and representative of the malcontents, thus broadly states them to the world, in words which every honest hard-working man ought to take to heart and study:—

"The majority of working men fear that the selfishness of the few would lead them to prolong their hours of labour to an indefinite period, to the injury of themselves and ultimately to the whole body of workmen; and that what at first

might be regarded as an exception would soon become the rule. It may be said that under the new conditions the workmen would not be compelled to labour any given number of hours. This, on the face of it, appears fair, and if the building operatives had the power to restrict every one of their order to nine or ten hours' daily labour, the change would be more acceptable than at present; but as they possess no power of the kind, and knowing from bitter experience that there are always and everywhere to be found men in whose nature self entirely predominates, to the utter exclusion of every nobler feeling or inspiration, and as the few unemployed often reduce, through necessity or selfishness, the wages of the entire body of operatives, so, under the proposed alterations of the master builders, would the few unprincipled men ultimately injure the whole of their order by extending their hours of labour."

This is the plea of the leaders of the strike; and a miserable plea it is. The object of their Trade Union is nakedly avowed. The corporation of workmen is to be everything, the individual is to be nothing. No man, whatever his strength, industry, honesty, or necessity, is to work harder, or gain more than another. The unmarried labourer, rich with thirty-three shillings a week, and the married labourer, with a wife and eight or ten children, and perhaps an old father or mother dependent on his toil, are to be on an equality. The operatives are to become bees, not men, and each must be the same as each, and do the same quantity of work for the same reward. The young, sober, industrious, and ambitious man, who, by an hour's extra labour, might, in the course of a few years, save enough to establish himself in business as a master, must not be allowed to do so, under penalty of the social ban and excommunication of his fellows. No man must have more brains, more energy, more honesty, more self-control than his neighbour. The mass must be leavened into one lump, and the workman must become the slave of a system of socialism, that destroys his individuality and his independence, and makes and will keep him a helot and a pauper to the end of his days.

It is sad to think that a body of men, supposed to be so intelligent as well as so sturdily independent as the skilled labourers of England, should submit to a domination of this kind; and in support of so unworthy and barbarous a principle reduce themselves to beggary and send their wives and children prematurely to the grave. In our day no cause can prosper that is not supported by the reason as well as by the sympathy of the public. And in this unfortunate dispute the reason is entirely with the masters, and the sympathy, modified by pity for their folly, will be but sparingly bestowed upon the misguided men who have followed such blind leaders. Mr. Potter seems to be more afraid of the men than of the masters. And well he may be. Let us hope, as earnest friends of the working-classes, that the building operatives will see through the mischievous error of their leaders, and resume their work without a week's delay. To hold out as they did in 1859, would only prove that the agitation has been got up for the benefit, not of the bees, but of the drones. Assured we are that none but drones or moral cowards will give it any countenance. Were such a system to be established throughout all the trades of the country as is clearly traced out in Mr. Potter's manifesto, there would speedily be an end of British pre-eminence; and civilization would have to seek a new home, free from tyranny like this, and where, if any tyranny existed at all, it would not be the tyranny of idleness and ignorance over industry and intelligence. Twelve thousand men on strike at Glossop have been singing that "Britons never will be slaves." We hope they never will—least of all to such taskmasters or teachers as Mr. Potter and his fellow-conspirators against the freedom of labour.

## THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

NO variety of sensations appears too great for our excitable allies across the Straits of Dover; and, even amid those caused by the novel contests in their Parliamentary Chambers; by the discussions on their occupation of Rome and of Syria; on the embellishment of their capital, and the means of paying for that embellishment, they can still "keep a corner" for any stray pretext for an ebullition of feeling, especially if that ebullition be in any way connected with English prosperity or English principles. Among the most inflammatory panders to this kind of excitement some of their bishops have of late been figuring very conspicuously; and the Bishop of Orleans, after nearly rivalling his brother of Poitiers in his onslaught on his own Emperor, has given us a turn; even thinking it fit to give his attack additional point by heralding it with a most ostentatious preliminary advertisement.

It happens, of course, that wherever there are landlords and tenants disputes at times arise; and that a very common result of such disputes is that the landlord removes his tenant. Such a case on a small scale has lately occurred in Ireland, and as the landlord, besides being a temporal peer, also happens to be a bishop of the Church of England, the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, thought it convenient to assume that the deprived tenants, being Roman Catholics, had been ejected for refusing to send their children to Protestant schools, and consequently advertised his intention to "tell truths to Protestant England." We should ourselves have no objection to his doing so, as long as he confined himself to truths; but Lord Plunket, with a correct idea of the notions of truth enter-

tained by Mgr. Dupanloup, wrote to our ambassador at Paris a remonstrance against being made the subject of the menaced attack, accompanied by a statement of the real facts of the case.

Lord Plunket's letter called forth two answers. It is painful to observe that even an English gentleman, when once entangled in the mazes of Papistical casuistry, loses some of his national perception of the beauty of truthfulness. Mr. Manning forwarded to the English papers a statement "sent to him by a personage of high distinction, and by the direct authority of the Bishop of Orleans." The *Morning Post* had made a strange blunder in stating that the sermon had been already preached. And Mr. Manning's informant denied this, in words manifestly intended to convey the idea that no such sermon would be preached, for the sufficient reason that "M. Dupanloup had no knowledge of what had passed on the estates of Lord Plunket." This disclaimer Mr. Manning endorsed with his authority, and his letter is dated March 23. The very same day M. Dupanloup writes a letter to the French papers congratulating Lord Plunket, with what he doubtless thinks biting irony on not being "a Bishop in the States of the Church" (a congratulation in which we cordially agree, as Lord Plunkett must also agree with Mgr.); and maintains his intention of asking in his sermon aid for the Irish in general, and, among them, for those ejected by Lord Plunket, on the broad ground that he, "as a [Roman] Catholic Bishop, is bound to endeavour to alleviate poverty wherever he sees it," and that "the fact of there being poor in Ireland is a sufficient reason for his soliciting charity in their behalf."

Now, were it the case that there was distress in Ireland now, and that whenever such an event happened before, the Roman Catholic Bishops of France raised aid for our Irish brethren from among their own flocks, we not only could find nothing to cavil at in the announcement of such a principle, but we should be bound to recognize its promulgation and its execution with lively gratitude. But if it be the case that Ireland is at this moment singularly free from distress, which it certainly is; and that when, some years ago, the Irish were suffering from a famine more severe than had been known for centuries in Western Europe, the French prelates made no attempt whatever to relieve them, as they certainly did not; then we are bound to treat Mgr. Dupanloup's justification of his sermon as a most audacious and shameless hypocrisy; and his sermon itself as dictated by no love of either truth or charity, but simply by a desire to take advantage of perfect ignorance on the part of his hearers (an ignorance which his own authorised champion avowed to be shared to its full extent by himself) to abuse the Church of England in the person of one of its most dignified ministers.

The question of the propriety, or impropriety, of such conduct is so wholly unconnected with the merits of the particular case that we feel it almost impertinent to remark that the vindication of himself by Lord Plunket contained in his letter to Lord Cowley, was complete and triumphant. He showed that, of the twelve tenants whom he had ejected, some had been dispossessed for having broken the covenants of their leases, some for having broken the law of the land. That in the whole twelve families there was but one child of an age to go to school; and that it was well known to all his neighbours that numbers of his tenants had children at the Roman Catholic schools without his having ever interfered with their sending them thither.

In spite of this disproof of the statements intended to be made, we learn from Paris that the sermon, as announced, was preached on Monday; that it was "a splendid demonstration;" that "the sensation was indescribable;" in short that, in the opinion of the Roman Catholics, "the affair was a great success." We are not yet informed what was the amount of the subscription raised on the occasion. We hope the "Great Prelate's" eloquence was rewarded by a good round sum; and that if it should have been such as to raise him in the eyes of those for whom it was collected to a level with St. Patrick himself, the honour which it will thus confer on him will induce him on all future occasions to emulate the saint in every part of his character; the principal point in which, as celebrated by the national ballad, was, that on all occasions, "St. Patrick was a gentleman."

But if we have no objection to a subscription being raised for Lord Plunket's tenantry, we should think the Pope had. Nothing is plainer than that a subscription to relieve those whom some particular person is bound to relieve, is practically a subscription in aid of that person, and of no one else. The subscription, therefore, solicited by Mgr. Dupanloup, was not in reality for Lord Plunket's tenants, but for Lord Plunket himself. It was a diversion of Peter's pence to the support of an heretical bishop. We do not know the state of Lord Plunket's purse, but we much doubt whether it is at a lower ebb than that of Pio Nono; at all events, we think Cardinal Antonelli, like ourselves, should take his stand on the principle. We can well understand that neither Pope nor Cardinal would have disapproved of the sermon, even though founded on statements notoriously false, as long as its attacks were directed against an establishment so galling to them, by reason both of its independence and of its prosperity, as the Church of England; but we doubt much whether

they will look on the diversion of Roman Catholic funds—of money which, with proper management, might have gone into their own pockets—with similar equanimity. And as the subscription, if raised, will make the sermon which raised it unpalatable, we look forward with some hope to seeing the Bishop receive an admonition, not only that charity begins at home, but that calumny is a weapon which, in the long run, invariably does more harm to its employers than to its objects.

#### LESSONS FROM THE SULTAN'S SICK-BED.

EVERY day the Turkish empire—if empire it can be called—becomes more *effete*. Financially, physically, and politically, it dies out. The most splendid property in Europe, set in the midst of the most precious provinces of Asia, is unable to maintain the race that barely vegetates on its surface. The whole dynasty of the Moslem, explain it as we may, seems to lie under a sentence of doom, against which they feel it hopeless to struggle any longer. "Turkey," in the words of Lamartine, "is dying from want of Turks." The deaths outnumber the births in consequence of the universal indulgence in opium, and sensuality, and plague—the last generated in the habits, and unresisted by the fatalistic apathy of the people. Their delicious climate is to them a serious calamity. The fertile and inexhaustible soil is their misfortune, because a source of their universal laziness. Those bays, and creeks, and harbours, of a sea that woos innumerable keels to its bosom, are of no service to this miserable race, alike unable and unwilling to value them.

The authority of the Porte is practically gone in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia. Candia, Egypt, and Syria begin to heave with disruptive elements, and very soon the area over which the crescent rules, will be little larger than that of an English parish. The Turkish army is unpaid; loans are all but impossible; the guardians of the Koran, meanwhile, are burning with ill-suppressed fanaticism at the spectacle of decadence originated, as they think, in the departure of the rulers from the strict laws and distinctive habits of the ancient Osmanli. The doom of the Moslem is written as by a mysterious finger on the plaster of every mosque, and the pashas read it and understand its meaning, while they act as if no such fate were impending or possible. Strange, too, is the fact, that every effort and sacrifice made by other nations to arrest the ruin, have only precipitated it. The brave Englishmen that sleep in their gory shrouds by the Bosphorus and in the Crimea, put back for a year or two the advance of Russia, but they helped on, rather than stayed the decay of the empire of the Sultan.

But what is to be the issue? When the Euphratean flood nearly dried up has receded to its eastern and ancient channels, who is to have the magnificent land thus let go or deserted by a people encamped rather than domesticated on it for four hundred years? Who will be residuary legatee? We will quote as our reply the words of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, words that prove how nearly the thoughts of great genius touch the oracles of the inspired prophet. He said:—"In the natural course of things in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The powers it would injure and who will oppose it are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions. The only hypothesis that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance will not avail. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God only knows what may happen. Russia quarrels with England, marches off to India an army of 70,000 good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and 100,000 *canaille*, cossacks, and others, and England loses India. I see into futurity further than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, but your *imbeciles* would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be praised, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed."

These warning words are now being actualized and verified. But Napoleon did not see that his nephew would find it his policy, after acting with England in the defence of Turkey against the invasion of the Northern autocrat, to renew his relations to that power, and to arrange for the partition of the goods of the Sick Man as soon as the breath is out of his body. Yet this is literal fact, and France, as if sure of her share, has taken what we may call armed possession of the richest and materially most lovely province of the empire of the Sultan. The partition settled, and soon to be carried out, is in all likelihood Constantinople for the Czar, Syria for the Emperor, the Danubian Provinces to their restored chiefs. England may be offered Egypt—which she will not accept—on condition that she will stand aloof, and let these powers peacefully divide the spoil. The vast naval preparations of France are made in prospect of the war which will break out over the tomb of the Sultan. The invasion of England is the hazy menace which he secretly wishes England to infer; but the conflict for which he is making preparation so formidable and so uninterrupted will be toward the sunrise. Cherbourg will necessitate our having a powerful Channel fleet; but it will not

contain the vast armament which is daily developed and undoubtedly designed to be the means of a stroke for the possession of an empire and not the revenge of an ancient quarrel. Napoleon will let us alone as long as we let him alone, while he adds Syria to France. He is not inspired with childish spite, but with a burning ambition. He will pardon Waterloo if we will only let him quietly annex Palestine, and Russia will forgive Sebastopol if she may without opposition raise the cross on St. Sophia, and shake out the folds of her flag on the waters of the Bosphorus.

If the words of the great Napoleon, uttered on the rock of St. Helena, be so near their fulfilment, and these be the approaching complications of Europe, we trust and believe that the mean and mercenary and profitless policy of the John Bright school will be treated with all the contempt it deserves, and that the manly common sense and profound sagacity of Lord Palmerston will meet with an enthusiastic response in the heart of his country. We shall have work for a fleet double what we have, and the economy that spares now will create the very worst extravagance by-and-bye. The network of railway that overspreads the earth, and the paddle-wheels that beat white the waters of every sea, have opened up such facilities for the rapid transit of troops, that we may expect the next war to descend with a lightning-like stroke to which there has been no parallel. The war-clouds already rise up like birds of ill-omen from every point of the European horizon, and the incidental flashes lighten, but do not exhaust them of their charge. "Wars and rumours of wars" are calls to England to be ready to meet the exigencies of her position and the obligations of her mission. Hers is too precious a deposit, too sublime a heritage, too magnificent a domain, to permit her to remain a single day unprepared. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, one of the master-spirits of his age, remarks, in his "Modern History":—

"Modern history appears not only a step in advance of ancient history, but the last step; it appears to bear marks of the fulness of the time as if there would be no future history beyond it. But without any presumptuous confidence, if there be any signs, however uncertain, that we are living in the latest period of the world's history, that no other races remain behind to perform what we have neglected, or to restore what we have ruined, then indeed its interest in modern history becomes intense."

We may add, then indeed the duty of England to be ready for all contingencies, and to fulfil the duties imposed upon her by her antecedents and place among the nations, becomes instant and paramount to every other interest.

If our country learn this last lesson from the Sultan's sick-bed, the dying schoolmaster abroad will prove a more successful and useful teacher than the talking schoolmaster at home.

#### THE DWELLINGS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE Earls of Derby and Shaftesbury, the leaders and representatives of two very different sections of opinion in the Upper House of Parliament, have suddenly exhibited a more than usual interest in the important question of the Dwellings of the Working Classes. It is not, however, in the character of Reformers that their lordships have appeared, but rather in that of Conservatives. The railways are coming into the very heart and thick of London, as they ought to have done long ago; and their projectors and promoters have very naturally sought to obtain land for their central termini in parishes where land was cheapest as well as most convenient for their purpose. The consequence has been that extensive districts, chiefly occupied by the poorest of the working classes, have been purchased by the railway companies, and that the hovels which encumber them will forthwith be demolished, to make room for stations, offices, warehouses, and all the multifarious outbuildings of a prosperous railway traffic. The two noble earls are filled with so much sympathy for the woes of the labouring men and women who are to be dispossessed of their homes by this natural, and as it would appear inevitable process, as to insist, as far as they can, that the railway companies shall not be allowed to pull down houses in one part of London, without constructing similar or better houses in some other part that shall be equally convenient for the work-people.

But with all deference to the benevolent motives of these noble legislators, we think they are interfering with matters beyond the control of Parliament. *Laissez-faire* is, in this case, not only the most politic and expedient, but the wisest course of action. It is no more the duty of a railway company, which buys land to build upon for the purposes of its trade, to enter upon the new business of house proprietorship, on behalf of the poor people who formerly dwelt in the crazy tenements about to be demolished, than it was the duty of steamboat proprietors to provide for the rowers and watermen whom they threw out of employ, or of railway directors, who bought and paid for a nobleman's park, to provide that nobleman with another park elsewhere. The question is simply one of commerce, and cannot be argued except upon commercial grounds. The railway system of the metropolis must and will be completed; and if in the progress and development of the design, a congeries of frowsy, feculent, and pestilential lanes and alleys, the hives of vice and squalor, are levelled

with the ground, and air and sunlight are let into wells and tanks of fever that have for years been unsupplied with these common but inestimable bounties of heaven, the whole community, rich and poor, will be the gainer. Those who benevolently desire that the poor should live in better houses than they have hitherto been accustomed to inhabit, will have an admirable opportunity of assisting in the good work. There will be such a demand for houses and lodgings that capitalists, proverbially wide awake, will forthwith contrive that there shall be a supply. Let those who think that cleanliness is next to godliness; that a man living in a freshly-ventilated and convenient house is likely to be a better husband and father, and a better citizen, than if he lived in a close and dirty hovel, little if at all superior to the wigwam of a savage—aid, abet, and advise with capitalists, or themselves invest some portion of their superabundant means in the enterprise, and it may—and doubtless will—be proved that to build houses fit for the civilized poor, is as profitable an investment of money as to build mansions for the civilized and Christian rich.

Though political and philanthropic lords may not be aware of the fact, the hard-working poor, who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, have become somewhat weary, if not sick, of the constant patronage of the upper classes, and of the professional philanthropists, who treat them as if they were, and always must be, in a state of pupilage. They have in them the free spirit of Englishmen in as high a degree as their superiors in worldly station. They revolt at being disciplined like soldiers, or ticketed like paupers, and prefer the uncomfortable and unwholesome abodes which the smaller order of capitalists have hitherto been accustomed to provide for them, to the "Model Dwelling Houses" or "Model Lodging Houses," that associations of benevolent persons have at various times erected for their inhabitancy. And why? Simply because in the one case they are their own masters, and in the other they are not. The poor Englishman's house or room is as much his castle as the Earl's or Duke's; and within the walls of that castle he likes to be free. The occupancy of the "Model Dwelling Houses" erected by philanthropy is fettered with rules, often very good, but sometimes very absurd; but which, good or bad, are irksome to the sense of personal freedom, and partake too much of the nature of haughty patronage to be agreeable to a man of any independence of spirit. Commerce rather than Philanthropy will in due time rectify the evil, provided that the education of the working-classes—not that which they receive at school, but which they imbibe from intercourse with the world, and from the reading of books and newspapers—is such as to raise their standard of living. An English workman insists upon more flesh for his diet than a Frenchman, because he considers a flesh diet essential to his health and strength. The day may come when he shall, for the same reason, insist upon inhabiting a cleanly and commodious house; and we are convinced that if there is ever to be a real improvement in the dwellings of the poor, it will not be effected by such agencies as those which the noble amateurs of the Upper House seem desirous of employing, but by the ordinary and legitimate agencies of trade. Working-men—taught by the pulpit, by the press, and by the general feeling and opinion of society, that they owe to their bodies the duties of cleanliness in person, in attire, and in abode, and that fresh air and sunshine increase their strength, and prolong their days—will ultimately demand a superior description of dwelling-place which astute speculators will be but too happy to supply.

The demolition by the railway companies of such large masses of inferior streets and lanes as are required for the new central termini, affords an excellent opportunity of trying whether the erection of better houses for the labouring classes would not pay as a commercial speculation. Let it be but once proved satisfactorily that it is as good an investment to build decent dwellings for the poor, as it is to erect suburban villas for shopkeepers and clerks, or town mansions for the wealthy, and railway companies may pull down fever-warrens as fast as they please. Then, and not before, the legitimate agencies of Commerce will come to the rescue, and every one concerned will be the gainer.

#### THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

RUSSIA has set an example to the Southern States of America that they may one day find it expedient and even economical to follow. While the democracy of America have been talking about "progress," "the dignity of labour," "the elevation of the masses," and "extending the area of freedom," an imperial ukase from the Autocrat of all the Russias sets free the millions of serfs in that vast empire. The Republic at present is content with sentimental catch-words, philanthropical generalizations, and transcendental eloquence. Its love of man seems, so far, to evaporate in stump orations and platform speeches, but it still refuses to translate words into deeds, or to inscribe the charter of its freedom on ebony. The Czar, nobler in his tyranny than America in her freedom, feels the force and carries into acts the memorable sentiment of the ancient pagan,—"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto." The Czar has discovered what England now holds as an axiom, that even

serfdom and much more slavery is a detestable wrong, inflicting evil on the slave and yet greater evil on the slaveholder, an evil in all its aspects and influences, social, political, and moral, incompatible with national progress, and destructive of all the interests for which society was organized or continues to exist.

The Emperor of Russia has braved the opposition of his nobles, in order to do a deed of justice and humanity to the serfs of his empire. We give him credit for acting from a pure feeling of what man owes to man. He has recognized that great law which unifies our race, knitting subject to sovereign in the bonds of a common nature, and he has dared to carry out the humane convictions of his heart, in the face and notwithstanding the menaces of a powerful *noblesse*, persuaded, in his own mind, that the storm of opposition will spend its strength, and disappear under the rainbow which it creates and leaves in the sky behind it. He prefers to rule over men. We praise him for his choice. He will have subjects, not serfs or slaves in his vast empire. He is far greater this March, 1861, because he has rendered a far greater service to his country and his kind than he has ever done before. Our testimony to the Emperor's policy is the more impartial, because, in case of war, such as not a few far-seeing statesmen anticipate, we should have to contend with much more formidable opponents than those even who so resolutely stood and fell by their guns on the walls of Sebastopol. The serf is a machine, dogged and content to die, but he is not a soldier in the highest and noblest sense. Serfs will fight and die, but free men can fight and conquer. We defend with all the enthusiasm of our souls on the field of battle what we have tasted and enjoyed, and been thankful for in happy homesteads. *Pro aris et focis* is the inspiration of victory, the spring of patriotism, the basis of a loyalty that does not falter in the worst, or weary in the best of times.

We believe the Czar has taken a step as expedient as it is humane. We are persuaded that his throne will have a deeper hold in the affections of his subjects, and that Russia will far more rapidly advance in social prosperity while its fields are cultivated by freemen who feel an interest and stake in all they do, than when they were driven in herds like dumb cattle to expend life and strength for others, without any hope of benefiting themselves. We hail with joy this auspicious event. It is evidence of the increasing power of that wide-spread public sentiment which, flowing out of inexhaustible springs, sends its waters over many lands, and rises like a spring tide to every height of social eminence, and carries into the kraal of the Hottentot, the wigwam of the Indian, the snow cave of the Greenlander, or the hut of the Cossack on his steppes, and into the Kremlin itself, that sense of brotherhood and fatherhood which will one day animate and warm all hearts and actuate all policy, and overflowing the sectarian sand ridges of the world, cover the broad waste of earth with life-giving waters. Let us only dare to do the right, the dutiful, the just, and all space and all time will justify us. He who is in the right is in the majority in the long run.

#### THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE NEW SEATS IN PARLIAMENT.

MANY of our principal cities were, in ancient times, admitted by their charters to privileges similar to those which were enjoyed by the proudest nobles. It is especially recorded that they had licence to keep jesters among their retainers, doubtless for the purpose of promoting digestion after the ample feasts which, even in the earliest days, loaded the civic boards. These jesters had a shorter synonym, which we forbear to mention, but which will easily suggest itself to our antiquarian readers, and which may be taken to imply that while their worst follies were fit matter for a jest, their best jests had in them something of folly.

The ancient city of Edinburgh, in spite of other municipal reforms, still keeps alive the old custom, and has a living jester, one Mr. Duncan Maclaren, with "the elements so mixed in him," that it is as subtle a question as ever arose in days of old, to distinguish how much jest there is in his follies, though hardly so difficult to decide how much folly there is in his jest. It is known to those of our readers who look with graver eyes than Mr. Maclaren at our parliamentary proceedings, that Sir Cornwall Lewis has lately brought in a bill to assign the seats forfeited by St. Albans and Sudbury to new constituencies, and that among the numerous unrepresented bodies whose claims were put forward by their different advocates in rivalry of those selected by the Ministry, the most important was that of the Universities of Scotland, which was countenanced by many influential members of the Lower House, and was likely to be looked on with increasing favour. Unhappily, like other prophets, the Scotch Universities seem to have no honour in their own country. The city jester aforesaid has lifted up his testimony against them, and the spirit of jesting has taken such complete possession of the Town Council, that they have adopted his testimony by a majority of nearly three to one. We do not wonder. Since the days of him whom Hamlet lamented, there have been few of "such infinite jest, such excellent fancy." There was learning, too, in his wagery; it went back to James I. for a precedent—to England and Ireland for illustration. The Scottish Solomon, who piqued himself on resembling his Jewish prototype in all qualities but one, had abstained, he said, from enfranchising the universities of his own land, showing thereby that he did not consider them institutions of the same kind with the English and Irish bodies bearing the same name. If Mr. Maclaren will allow us so far to gild refined gold as to add another argument to his, we would suggest that King James, seeing with prophetic eye that the Scotch Parliament would hereafter sit in London, was intent rather on maintaining his rule that as few Scots as possible should come to England, where they would not only look like ships in the sea,

but importune himself with most unpleasing solicitations, like those of Mr. Richard Monpiles.

Our jester next contended, with an argument which must be most grateful to Lord John Russell, that, as even the Reform Bill, when giving a second member to Dublin University, gave none to the Scotch Universities, the finality of that bill ought to prevent any such concession now; and, as professed jesters always fall foul of everybody, he took the opportunity of dealing Oxford and Cambridge a sly back-hander, affirming that they returned members in consequence of their property, and not of their learning. Once more we would submit to our facetious friend that he has let his wit run away with him. If he will only call to his memory a celebrated epigram of the last century, he will find that one of our universities was even then accounted eminently learned; while its more eastern sister, in the eyes of his own fellow-citizens, who had been frightened out of their wits by Charles Edward, amply atoned for their want of learning by the exuberance of their loyalty.

Like a judicious master of a feast, our jester has kept his best jest for his last; and a most humorous conceit, well worthy of the post of honour, it certainly is—The Scotch Universities shall not return a member, because "universities do not in general return useful men." What is even worse, when they have got useful men "they turn them out," or at least they try to do so. There is more than wit in this, there is admirable sarcasm; and the Town Council to whom it was addressed showed enviable good temper in forgiving the sarcasm for the sake of the wit. The instance mentioned was the rejection of Sir R. Peel by Oxford two-and-thirty years ago; but the case evidently in the mind of the speaker was that of another constituency some miles nearer the Calton Hill, which, nearly twenty years later, rejected Mr. Macaulay for a much slighter token of partiality to the votaries of the Scarlet Lady than had been exhibited by the Emancipation of 1829.

Again, though this time without naming it, he crossed to Dublin for an argument; contending that universities rejected all useful men, because Mr. Gladstone, being an eminently useful man, two or three attempts to turn him out had all signally failed—an argument so eminently Irish that we feel sure Trinity College, Dublin, must take its adoption as an especial compliment.

By these excellent fancies Mr. Maclaren convinced his masters of the Town Council. It is with a humbling sense of our own inferiority that we confess that he has not convinced us. To our prosaic minds it does not only seem a matter of fact that the representatives sent by the universities who as yet possess the privilege are, on an average, among the most useful, nay, the most eminent members of the House. But, what to many of our statesmen of the present day is far more important, it seems also quite in accordance with theory that the more highly educated the electors are, the more are the elected likely to deserve such a character. For this reason we would also gladly see a second seat of the four given to the University of London. We should be the less inclined, too, to share the fears of Mr. Maclaren as to the unworthiness of the members likely to be returned by the objects of his denunciation, from remembering the admirable way in which they have been in the habit of exercising their yearly privilege of appointing their Rectors—since we can scarcely recollect a single instance in which the recipient of that high honour has not been a man of acknowledged eminence in some important branch of knowledge; one of these officers at the present moment being even that very Mr. Gladstone whose unpopularity at Oxford is made a part of the plea for the unworthy jealousy thus shown of the universities by the municipal corporations of Scotland.

Of course, if one or two of the seats to be now distributed are to be thus appropriated, some of the places included in the ministerial programme must go without. We think the divisions of the counties should suffer: Birkenhead can certainly not be left unrepresented in any new arrangement; nor, considering the boroughs in the north and east of the metropolis that have two members, can it be thought too much that Chelsea and Kensington should together receive one; while West Yorkshire and South Lancashire, having already two members each, are certainly fairly if not adequately represented. Yet this is not our main reason for preferring the claims of the boroughs to them. We will admit that we are greatly influenced by the selection already made of one of the members for the counties; should they obtain the proposed increase in their representation. Mr. Gladstone has already been named more than once in this article, but he is so important a person that many questions must be argued with reference to his anticipated movements. Now it is hardly a secret that he is to be the new member for South Lancashire; and this fact becomes of great consequence when viewed in connection with his recently avowed, we believe we might add recently adopted theory of a member's duty to his constituents. In the debate on Church-rates he avowed, in the plainest terms, the radical and unconstitutional principle that a member is a mere delegate. He declared that had not his opinion been favourable to the maintenance of the rates he should, as representing a clerical constituency, have held himself bound to resign his seat. Such a notion of a member's duty is totally subversive of every proper principle on which representation is founded. It is, to use the words of Burke, "to degrade our national representation to a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency." (Speech at Bristol previous to the election, 1780.) But if such a notion be bad in itself, and mischievous when held by any ordinary member of Parliament; what will it be when it is held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and when that administrator of all our finances becomes the representative of a body almost exclusively devoted to one branch of trade? The energy and eloquence of many of the members from that district is well known; but they make no scruple of avowing their doctrine of the paramount consequence of our cotton manufactures, and of the propriety of regulating our most important affairs by a reference to them. These members have already driven the Cabinet into measures of no doubtful impropriety and impolicy; what will be their power when the Chancellor of the Exchequer actually becomes one of their body, becomes bound, according to his own theory, to obey their commands or to resign his seat? One of the ablest of our contemporaries, while approving of his intended destination, speaks of him as about to become Mr. Bright's member. But Mr. Bright's eloquence is of itself such that he certainly needs no assistant to enforce his views.

Even if South Lancashire should be forced to yield its promised seat to the Scotch Universities, Mr. Gladstone would have a very good chance

among them, and we should see him returned for them with peculiar pleasure, as there is no body which would be less likely to have any peculiar object to contend for ; and none, therefore, in which the principle of delegation would be less productive of practical mischief.

## PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, 27th March.

RATHER an amusing episode took place here the other day between the students and the public guardians of order. You are aware that as soon as it became evident that the debates were, for a time at all events, to be real debates, the so-called "youth of the schools" manifested a strong desire to assist at the sittings. Down they came, about a hundred of them, to the gates of the Corps Légitif, and clamoured for admittance. Of course they were refused. After a short parley, one of their leaders said, angrily, "If that is the way in which you treat us, we shall come again, four or five thousand of us."—"If you do," said the functionary on duty, "we shall have to send for the Zouaves!" At this, the whole band roared with laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh! the Zouaves! why, they are of our opinion on all these things!" The retort was repeated in high quarters, and produced no small annoyance.

Now, though I do not quite think, with *Messieurs les Etudiants*, that the Zouaves either share all their opinions, or that they would in any way object to shoot down the "youth of the schools," still there is a great change when matters have reached such a pass, that the "youth of the schools" can laugh at the menace of the "Zouaves!"

Just six years ago a circumstance of this kind happened, but the conduct on both sides was very different. The students of Paris rose against one of their professors. This was M. Nisard, a man of some literary distinction, and a professor and lecturer of the university. He had "passed over to the Empire," and it was notorious that when reproached by his old friends for having done so, he had answered—"Well, I could not withstand the attraction of such large emoluments as were offered me!" With this speech in every memory, M. Nisard proceeded to harangue the listeners of the Sorbonne, and a violent uproar was the consequence. The student-youth were loud in expressions of disgust and disdain, and M. Nisard was obliged to escape by back-doors and bye-ways—but then, also, the "youth" were sent about their business by the soldiers of the line, who did not seem at all likely to "fraternize" with them, but put down their demonstrations in a twinkling. The conduct then and the conduct now were, I repeat, very different on both sides, and assuredly the young "rebels" of 1856 would not have hinted at the favourable views entertained by the "Zouaves!"

There was, by the bye, a slight occurrence connected with all this, which (as it is a part of the history of our time) may not be without interest even at this distance. After the scenes at the lecture-room had been forcibly brought to an end, M. Fortoul, the then Minister of Public Instruction, sent for the ringleaders of the student party, and tried to bring them to terms. But they answered in these words—"Monsieur le Ministre, let the Government send to harangue us men for whom we can entertain some respect—let them send us such men as our fathers listened to, when Villemain and Cousin filled the chairs of the Sorbonne; I will answer for our quietness and attention *then*, but do not let us be insulted by being told to respect such men as M. Nisard!"

In the way of "public manifestations" a rather curious one took place the other night upon the second performance of the Wagnerian opera "Tannhäuser." The public was ill-disposed, as I told you, and was in the humour to show as much by its hisses. The Emperor came into his box quite privately and unseen, so that he had taken his seat behind a curtain half-drawn, before any one in the house could be aware of his presence. He, however, did not thoroughly take this into account, and as, on his entrance into the imperial box, most disagreeable sounds were the first to greet him, he, on the instant and without reflection, imagined they were addressed to himself. As I have this detail from one of the persons in attendance, from a witness of the whole, I can vouch for its accuracy. It seems that the uneasy look of the Napoleonian countenance was for a second, for it only lasted a long, quite singular to behold.

As to what the next move in the game of policy is to be, that no one appears to know anything at all about. The alarm is intense at Court, and the dread, almost equal, of affronting either party. The wits of the Jockey Club have compared the situation to the Baucher principles of horsemanship, which rested on these two bases: "Be always exciting a horse with the heel and always reining him in with the hand; in this way you get all you want out of him!" The result proved that, in that "way," you only "got out" of him that he should stand where he was, giving vent to his vexed impatience in perpetual pawing and snuffing. Now, these young gentlemen of the club opine that Louis Napoleon is riding the French nation according to the Baucher system, and that the famous formula adopted by the Government journals, of "Neither revolution, nor reaction," just means a little of both. Whilst the spur is being applied by the Reds, the rein is laid on by the *Conservateurs*; and whilst the unfortunate victim is goaded on by Jules Favre, it has to be "bitten" by the bishops! The comparison is by no means without truth, and I suspect the Emperor already finds his seat in the saddle a very uneasy one.

All the world are busy here with a very long letter, written by the Prince de Joinville to a private friend, and expressing freely the sentiments of the Prince on the "un-French" policy of the Imperial Government. The letter seems to be very moderate in tone and expression, but very resolute as to its opinions.

I am almost inclined to think that there is precisely here a point on which we in England do not allow our attention to be sufficiently riveted. There can be no doubt that the policy of the Emperor is, by the immense majority of the entire country, considered as "un-French;" and we ought not to be blind to one fact, namely, that, in every class and every party, the hatred of England is rapidly rising.

There are by no means wanting people who believe this suits Louis Napoleon perfectly; it is impossible to doubt that it ensures him a possible future popularity which *nothing else can* give him. The day when Louis Napoleon shall decide upon war with us, would be a day of universal adhesion to him in France. It would be of short duration; but it would be. I think we should do well to open our eyes in England to this fact.

## LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We hear much of the House, but little of the Lobby; yet many of the wheels within wheels which regulate the parliamentary machine are only visible here, and as a place of *quasi* public resort it is, in the companionship of a cicerone who is familiar with the place, often more interesting than the House itself. If the reader will take our arm he will at least find that it is not our first appearance in the Lobby.

We enter Westminster Hall, that noblest vestibule to the most magnificent edifice in Europe. A few gentlemen are entering an ornamented archway on the left; that is the members' entrance, which is sacred. We must go a little further round; but if the M.P.'s have a coat and umbrella to leave, we shall enter the Lobby by another door at the same moment with them. We traverse the whole length of the Hall of William Rufus. If you are a country cousin, and it is therefore your duty not to speak but to listen, you will be reminded that England's chivalry in every age since the Conquest has gathered here at coronation feasts. Parliaments have sat here. The chief state trials and judicial murders of England have been enacted and resolved upon within these four walls. How few of those who pace this broad expanse ever realise the tragic incidents that have been rehearsed here—the trials of Sir Thomas More, of Lady Jane Grey's relatives, of Elizabeth's Essex and his friend Lord Southampton, of Strafford, of Laud, of the Seven Bishops, of Kilmarnock and the other Jacobites, and of Warren Hastings. Greatest event of all—here Lord President Bradshaw, with sword and mace before him, called upon "Charles Stuart, tyrant, traitor, and murderer," to plead, and acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court assembled to try him. These insensate stones and rafters first rang with the passionate accents of a king who claimed to be heard and was denied a hearing, and then they echoed the dread syllables of the sentence of death. The next great ceremonial that took place in Westminster Hall was the inauguration of the Lord High Protector.

At the extremity of the Hall we arrive at a broad and magnificent staircase; and here, turning round and facing the entrance, we survey the noble proportions of the Hall and the roof of timber, said to be Irish bog oak, and of unknown antiquity, and formed into a continuous series of great arches. Then resuming our way, and passing beneath a stupendous, but beautiful arch, which occupies the whole height and breadth of the Hall, we turn to the left, and, through a porch of *ninety feet high*, enter St. Stephen's Hall. We are now on the site of the old House of Commons, and in a gallery of statues of great patriots and statesmen. Hence we pass to the Central Hall, the centre of the vast edifice, and worthy of its pretensions. With a hurried glance at its massive octagonal walls, its grand arches, its rich bands of sculpture formed of angels, crowns, and the frequent portcullis of Westminster, and with an admiring gaze at the octagonal and solid roof of stone we leave the Central Hall. On our right is the corridor leading to the House of Lords, on our left that leading to the House of Commons, where our present business lies. In the short corridor with groined stone roof we observe Ward's frescoes of the executioner tying Wishart's book round the neck of Montrose, Argyll's Last Sleep, and Alice Lisle concealing the fugitives after the Battle of Sedgmoor. Here there is a policeman, who, on hearing that you have an appointment with a member of Parliament, allows you to enter the Commons' Lobby.

We are now at the very threshold of the House of Commons. The Lobby ought rather to be called a hall. It is very lofty, has a roof of carved wood in nine divisions, and a pavement of encaustic tiles. The four sides present, as the four principal features, four lofty stone arches, with corresponding doors. Beneath the western door enter the members with whom you parted company in Westminster Hall. They traverse only a corner of the hall, but still there is time enough to recognise and point them out before they are lost beneath the northern arch leading to the House. You can follow them with the eye along a short dark corridor. Then one of two glass doors swings open, and if you have sharp eyes you may, before it closes, catch a glimpse of the awful full-bottomed wig of Mr. Speaker. The door opposite the House is that by which we have just entered. The fourth and last to be named is opposite to that from which members emerge from Westminster Hall, and leads to the library, the dining-room, the tea-room, and that subterranean region of the smoking-room, where M.P.'s pass their idle hours, and where the whippers-in bottle up their men for a division.

You cannot be five minutes in the Lobby without discovering that the privilege of "freedom from arrest," which is supposed to surround as with a halo your live M.P., is either a popular superstition, or has no force in this half-lawless, half-sacred precinct. If there is one thing that a member of Parliament detests, it is being addressed by a stranger in the purlieu of the House. They all want a place, or a favour of some kind. It is always something for their advantage, and not for yours. But if an English M.P. is afflicted with a sudden forgetfulness of faces, and looks at his interpellant long enough to let him see he does not like to be stopped, and if the Scotch member seems troubled to discern the difference between one pair of high cheek-bones and another, we shall be most amused to see how the Irish member winces at being accosted, and at seeing an outstretched hand ready to greet him. He runs the gauntlet of would-be gaugers at the entrance of Westminster Hall, and escapes from such small fry without much difficulty. But here he encounters the friends of the priest—the sucking barrister, the seeker after an inspectorship, or a commissionership, or, still worse, the Irishman who has come to London to push his fortune, and demands to be told what he is fit for, as well as how he may get it. The M.P. has promised, perhaps, in some convivial, good-natured moment, more than he can perform, or, having taken for his hustings shibboleth the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," may have meant by the "greatest number" number one. An English member has no convivial or good-natured moments among his constituents—an Irish member many. Happy is he when, in the first moments

of their colloquy, the division-bell comes to his assistance and extricates him from his dilemma. The protégé of Father Phelim is suddenly shaken off with "I shall see you again." But in vain he watches that door. Either the devotion of that Irish M.P. to his public duties is entire and absorbing, or there are some secret outlets by which he leaves the building and finds his way home; for no more that night is the M.P. seen in the Lobby.

To the Lobby of the House of Commons find their way mayors and town clerks, chairmen of election committees, directors of local railways, and deputations from town councils. These are mostly comfortable and substantial-looking burgesses, enwrapped in roomy broad cloth, and thinking the strongest treble X of themselves. They have no favours to ask. They are the Warwicks and king-makers of their respective boroughs. The member for the borough is their member; they have put him in, and they can turn him out. If they can only persuade the door-keeper to take their card into the house, and if that patronizing and important functionary does not fling it upon the balaam-basket of a little ledge near the door, the member whom it reaches, be he ever so great, or the debate never so important, will instantly rise from his seat, and go out into the Lobby to "do the civil thing." Cordial are the salutations that then edify the by-standers. "What, you here, Muggleton! And you, Simcox! And Peebles, too, I declare! This is a pleasure. What can I do for you? Hear the debate? Certainly! I'll go and see if the Speaker's gallery is full. If it is, I'll make it a personal favour with the Serjeant-at-arms to admit you under the clock, where the peers sit, you know." Away darts the M.P., while the influential constituents look round complacently, and are not displeased to see a shade of envy upon the faces of less fortunate by-standers. By-and-bye "our active respected member," as he is called in the country newspaper, reappears with an usher, sent by the Serjeant-at-arms, accompanies his friends under the gallery, takes his seat by their side with his hat on (a piece of rudeness by-the-bye); tells them who is speaking, points out Palmerston, Disraeli, Russell, and Gladstone, and promises to come again for them in a couple of hours, to taste some superb Scotch whisky, which they have just received at Bellamy's. Talk about electioneering! a man may canvass a borough for a month, and keep open houses for a week, and yet not be so near his aim as by timely and well-applied courtesies like these. Our substantial burgesses will never forget civilities so agreeable. Their member may rat, take office, turn out a ministry, or worse still, refuse to support some enclosure bill, or town's improvement; but ten to one he is their friend for life. They write letters in a glow of pleasure to their wives and daughters, describing the momentous event. Only one thing is wanting to their felicity: that their Aramintas should be in the ladies' gallery to see them enthroned, as it were, in the benches reserved for Lord Derby and his lordly host.

The Lobby is the favourite resort of the ingenious inventor. He details to independent and opposition members the atrocious treatment he has received from the Post-office in refusing to adopt his new machine for stamping letters; or from the Admiralty who won't try his anchor, or construct his breakwater; or from the Horse Guards, who won't have his knapsack or his breech-loader. Members, now-a-days, are well enough inclined to believe that the inventor has reason on his side who complains of the tardiness of the Government departments in adopting useful improvements. The opposition member, too, is not sorry to find a weak place in the harness of a Government official. Still, on the whole, the inventor is rather a bore, and the M.P. breaks away from him as soon as he decently can.

Next to the Irish members the Metropolitan members are most worried by pertinacious constituents in the Lobby. When a Burial Bill is before Parliament, deputations of undertakers with white chokers and funereal habiliments bear down upon them; when a Wine Duties' Bill or Licensing Bill is on the Orders of the Day, the representatives of the "bungs" imperiously demand that he shall propose amendments, and divide the House against the motions that threaten their interests. These are gentlemen not to be trifled with, and every metropolitan member breathes more freely when, their clamours being disregarded, and a hole being made in their monopolies, they retire from the scene, breathing execration against the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and despatching their commands to the *Gin and Gospel Gazette*, to "take it out in strong language."

As the evening wears on, members leave the House and take a turn in the Lobby for the sake of coolness or conversation. The jobbing M.P. here winds his arm round the neck of somebody who can pass a bill in which he is interested, or put him on some board of direction, or allot him a few shares in a paying concern. The M.P. who moves for a committee often holds parley here with some one whose name would give confidence to his committee, but who does not like the prospect of a sitting of sixty days up stairs, in a stifling room over the river Thames, with the thermometer at seventy-five degrees. When he has won his man over, or more probably received a flat denial, he is accosted in turn by some other member, whose name will carry no weight whatever, but who thinks his constituency will deem the better of him for being nominated on so important a committee. Men who sit on opposite sides of the House, and who are a little shy of crossing the floor to speak to each other, here, linked arm in arm, take short turns like sailors on a quarter-deck, as they discuss the affairs of their country, their borough, their contiguous estates, or their family alliances.

But the best time to be in the Lobby is on a division. The bell rings, the half of the outer door, previously closed, is thrown open, a whip or his scout runs across the Lobby to dining-room and smoking-room. Very soon a stream of members is seen advancing in all haste up the corridor. Lords of the Treasury and Under Secretaries know that it is one of the conditions of their official existence to be at hand and vote with the Government on a division, and they are among the first to cross the lobby, with hurried steps, and enter the House. Members who want to finish a chop or smoke the last whiff of a cigar, the old, the fat, and the infirm, follow at the tail of the procession, and are often put to it to arrive in time. The quick step becomes a trot, and the trot becomes a race. The bells ring for about three minutes, and then suddenly cease. The Speaker cries "Order, order!" which is his signal to the Serjeant-at-Arms to lock the outer door. Sometimes a member is descried at the end of the corridor running as if he had just snatched a watch and had half a dozen policemen at his heels. He dashes through the swing door, flies across the lobby, and finds the door of the House shut in his face. He knocks with sharpness and urgency. A wicket is opened, through which he sees the face of the Serjeant-at-Arms. If he were the

Speaker himself, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Prince Consort, he could not gain admission within that door at that moment. The Serjeant recommends him to write to the papers. Next morning, accordingly, you see at the foot of the division, just after the list of pairs, a paragraph which shrouds in decent conventional mystery the unlucky accident. "Mr. Cerf Agile would have voted for Mr. Turnemout's motion of Want of Confidence last night, but was accidentally shut out on the division." After the brief colloquy with the Sergeant-at-Arms, the panting and discomfited member waits in the Lobby until the division is over. The other night a bystander ventured to say to Mr. Cerf Agile, "You did not run fast enough, sir." "Oh yes, sir," was that gentleman's instant reply, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

But the culminating moment of *Life in the Lobby* is upon some great division involving the existence of the ministry, or some party contest upon which public interest has been powerfully concentrated. The Lobby is then crowded, and the police have no easy task in preserving a clear passage for members. They enter from Westminster Hall by shoals, and for the first hour or two few leave the House. About half-past six or seven o'clock they become hungry, and you see them cross the Lobby in groups on their way to dinner, criticizing as they go the speeches they have just heard, or speculating upon the division. This is a busy night for the Whips, who often seize a doubtful supporter by the arm, and in a whispered conversation try and reduce him to reason. These gentlemen, on such occasions, have a nod or a word for every friendly member. The Treasury Whip has a little room to himself, in which he makes his memoranda, writes hurried notes to absent representatives, and holds colloquies with dissentients who have terms to impose, and don't see their way clear to voting with the Government. He has messengers and Hansom cabs in attendance, and many a missive from him is borne with speed up Whitehall to some club in Pall-mall or St. James's-street. He is much in the Lobby on such nights, intercepting members as they enter, or crossing it on his way to look at his "subterranean phalanx" in the smoking-room.

The by-standers in the Lobby watch the busy moving-scene with intense interest. Now and then some deafening cheer is borne to them from the House through the incessantly opening and shutting swing-door. They obtain crumbs of information from M.P.'s leaving the House, and hear that "Gladstone is down," or that "Disraeli is up." In a few minutes discordant noises reach their ears—distant shouts of "hear, hear," as if from a field of fox-hunters, and a fierce protesting cry of "oh, oh!" from the other side. Sometimes peals of laughter following in quick succession denote that some accepted *farceur* is on his legs—Sir Robert Peel, with his mingled *naïveté* and extravagance, or Bernal Osborne with his unsparing and Rabelaisian wit. The Lobby laughs out of sympathy, and the bystanders promise themselves to turn to the journals next day to see the cause of so much mirth.

As midnight approaches, heavy swells of the haw-haw school, with faultless cravats, dress coats, patent leather boots, and crush hats, pass across the Lobby and enter the House. They are fresh from dinner parties and assemblies, or they have been to the opera. They don't care one button for the speeches, and now they have come they stand in a body at the bar, and cry "divide, divide!" The House is never really noisy and disorderly until they arrive. Sometimes they interrupt the debate so much that members in the body of the House cry out "bar! bar!" which, being endorsed by Mr. Speaker, who calls out with solemnity, "Order at the bar!" the Serjeant-at-Arms leaves his chair, and makes an irruption upon them, entreating them to stand back, to find seats on the floor or in the gallery, and to make less noise. A dozen or two come out into the Lobby with an air of disgust, but, like flies round a morsel of sugar, soon re-assemble, and shout, and laugh, and cry "oh!" until the moment of the division arrives. The head of the Government sits down amid uproarious cheers, the Speaker puts the question, the bells ring madly in every retiring room and lobby, the outer doors are thrown open, and the Whips run off along the corridor to bring up their forces.

The scene is now in the highest degree exciting. A few members continue to arrive from Westminster Hall. But a little army soon appears in the corridor leading from the library. They have only three minutes to put in an appearance, and they jostle and push by each other in the corridor, at the Lobby door, in the Lobby, and again at the entrance of the House itself. The Whips bring up the rear, and when you think they have all poured into the House, our friend, Mr. Cerf Agile, who has stayed behind to finish and address a letter, appears at the extreme end of the corridor. He runs as if for a wager. So have you seen at St. Martin's-le-Grand, while the clock is striking six, a news-boy dash up the steps, and fling his newspaper at the descending window. Sometimes it shaves the nose of the attendant and enters, sometimes it is one-sixtieth part of a second too late, and striking the window-sash, falls into the hall amid the jeers of the spectators. In like manner does Mr. Cerf Agile fling himself against the door of the House. It may happen that the Serjeant-at-Arms has not actually turned the key, when the flying representative makes good his entrance amid the "bravos" of the Lobby. Sometimes the "click" has been heard, and then the spectators know it is all over with Mr. Cerf Agile. He always knocks in a frenzied manner. The wicket always opens. The Serjeant is always inexorable. And Mr. Cerf Agile always retires discomfited and out of breath, yet smiling. He has been "accidentally shut out on the division." On a great night he is kept in countenance by two or three tall fellows in white chokers who, like him, arrive too late, and who audibly exclaim that by Jove they did not think the House would divide yet for half an hour. They, too, are all accidentally shut out on a division, and will be dreadfully bullied by their "Whips," to whom they had made solemn promise to arrive in time, and not to allow either *écarté*, or Aspasia, or Lady Blunderbore, to keep them from the performance of their Parliamentary duties.

After the doors are locked an interval of breathless suspense follows. The House is dividing, and just within the door that the visitors in the Lobby are eying with so much interest the "ayes" are pouring themselves in an uninterrupted stream from their lobby. Many do not attempt to enter the House after a great division. They fill the corridor and crowd at the bar, the advantage of which is that when the doors are open they can soonest rush out and get away to spread the news. Soon a ringing cheer is heard. That is when the clerk hands the paper to the winning tellers. Then in half a minute a loud, prolonged, uproarious shout arises, which shakes the rafters,

echoes along the corridors, and might almost be heard in Westminster Abbey. It is taken up again and again. The door is opened and fifty members surge out like a wave. "Government beaten by a majority of thirteen!" they exclaim. The news spreads like wild fire. A dozen election agents rub their hands with glee, for they foresee a general election. A score of defeated candidates at the last election go home to prepare election addresses and cogitate over hustings speeches. The telegraph office is soon filled with members and strangers, and in twenty minutes the news will be conveyed to nearly every town in the United Kingdom. The occupants in the Lobby wait to see the members come out—the Ministerialists grave and preoccupied, the Opposition jubilant, and shaking hands with each other and everybody in their glee. It is long before the Lobby is cleared on such a night, and many years before the stranger and the country cousins forget the busy and exciting scene they have been fortunate enough to witness.

## THE GORILLA.

To the Editor of the "London Review."

"Travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn them!" SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—The sketch of the African gorilla, given in last week's number of your excellent Journal, is not exactly beautiful to the eye. But I have studied the engraving with the kind of fascination that, we know, exists in horror. The portrait of the last arrived *prima donna*, or the true effigy of a new politician, would not have had half so much interest for me. Sweet singers and zealous patriots we know all about; but the gorilla—that "rough sketch of man"—brought from the inaccessible regions of tropical Africa—the old quarry of marvels and monsters, excites a whole train of speculations; with a few of which I venture to trouble you.

High civilization has its advantages; but it has its deficiencies. In this tame, cultivated, smooth-rolled, paved, gas-lit, and comfortably organized Europe of ours, it has been impossible, for a century past, to understand the state of those regions of the world where man has not yet conquered nature; and, where he has not done so, we learn, with a feeling of dismay, that man is impotent, nature tyrannising over him. The ancients, and the dark ages, at whom and which we laugh, with that conviction of superior wisdom that is never so wise as it seems, were nearer the truth in this matter. They believed that the world contained mysterious regions, uninhabitable by man, or only by terrible beings, lower than humanity, but having a hideous resemblance to it. The continent of Africa was the seat of these abnormal forms of life.

The old voyagers skirted the coast, and brought back accounts of men with eyes in their breasts, men with one foot; of races who lived in the trees like birds, or holes in the earth, like beasts. These marvels were believed, or not rejected, for many ages; and the world rather enjoyed the wildest tales of travellers, from Herodotus down to Sir J. Mandeville. But there came the superficial, sceptical, wiggled-and-powdered eighteenth century, that sniffed the air philosophically, and had no faith in anything, not even in itself. It had not imagination to conceive existences that diverged from what was recognized in "polite society." Without inquiry, it branded all the old travellers as "liars of the first magnitude," and fools into the bargain. When Bruce published his travels in Abyssinia, it denounced him as a bold impostor,—Dr. Johnson, who could accept nothing that did not run parallel with Fleet-street, swelling the cry against the adventurous Scotchman!

Time has avenged Bruce on his defamers, by confirming the truth of his narrative; and M. Chaillu has done much to restore the character of the old voyagers, who, at least, were busy, if not scientific inquirers. At the worst, they reported what they heard; for close investigation they had not always opportunity.

This brings me back to your Gorilla, on page 316. That adult specimen, I suspect, has much to answer for: in him and his congeners are the germs of several of the African marvels that delighted the fifteenth century, shocked the eighteenth, and in the nineteenth must be partially accepted as truth. They were not wholly fabled; but formed, by imperfect knowledge and its exaggerations, out of things actually existing.

The most succinct statement of the popular belief in these wonders of a little-known region, is contained in Othello's story of his travels, delivered to the "grave and reverend seignors" of the Venetian senate—(none of whom, you will observe, are at all astonished by the tale; it is the narrower minded and unbelieving Iago who denounces the Moor for "bragging, and telling fantastical lies.") These are Othello's words:—

"All my travels' history,  
Wherein of Antres vast, and deserts wild,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch'd heaven,  
It was my hint to speak;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat;  
The Anthropophagi; and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders!"

Now is it not a most singular coincidence, that the three great features of Othello's narration, the lofty mountains, the tribe of man-eaters, and the race of beings with their heads in an exceptional anatomical position, should all be included in M. Chaillu's description of the tropical region he explored? Is it not a rebuke to obstinate incredulity, that the scientific traveller, lecturing before a crowded audience in the reign of Victoria, fills up, with exact details, the bold outline of the poet of the age of Elizabeth? Take the line—

"Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven."

Were not all these—allowing that "Heaven-touching" is only the poetic expression of lofty—found in "that region of Africa along the Equator, for a distance of 400 miles from the west coast," which M. Chaillu says "is notable for its mountains," of which, he adds, there were "three ranges;" and they are the great obstacle to penetrating the interior. In these very mountains, moreover, or the valleys between the ranges, M. Chaillu found tribes of undoubted and confirmed cannibals. The men

"Who do each other eat;  
The Anthropophagi!"

the Greek compound word only repeating the meaning of the Saxon monosyllable. Was it by insight that Shakespeare was so correct both as to the character of the country and the nature of its inhabitants? It is certainly remarkable that his description should be so closely confirmed. "The natives," says M. Chaillu, "are constantly at war with each other: they are all cannibals; and the displays of bones, skulls, and blood in the open streets are very shocking." They do not eat human flesh every day, it seems, "it being rather regarded by them as a *bonne bouche*,"—a treat, like our whitebait, probably! But the Fan tribe "object to eat of their own family," and "pass the bodies of their relatives on to the Ostrebas, who send them those of their own relatives in

exchange;" and this "appears to be the only friendly intercourse that takes place between them,"—a horrible sort of friendliness, indeed! They "eat everybody except their kings." I feel thankful that they did not eat M. Chaillu! Turn now to the third wonder of Othello's story, the

"Men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

An examination of your sketch of the gorilla will, I think, show how one of these animals might easily appear to be such a monstrous species of man. The head droops forward from the top of the spine, so much, that any one, having only a back view of the creature, would see no head at all; and, seen from one side, the greater part of the skull would really appear to be "beneath the shoulder." It is impossible to look at your cut and not be convinced of this; and the engraving I consider, for this reason, one of the most interesting illustrations of a discourse I have ever seen. It is truly an illustration, not for effect but for instruction. Of the three wonders, then, that Shakespeare embodies in *Othello's* speech,—two are proved to exist exactly as he describes them; and the third is founded on the structure of an animal that was, no doubt, supposed to be a hideous variety of the genus *homo*.

But this is not all. Mandeville, and many other old travellers, speak of a tribe of men, who were headless, but had eyes in their breasts. Ralph Higden, in his "Polychronicon," speaking of Ethiopia (we are still in Africa), says of certain of its inhabitants:—

"Alii, sine capitibus, os et oculos, in pectore habent."

Has not the gorilla, again, been the original of the description? Turn to the cut again, and imagine how an enraged specimen, with the hair of his head bristled in anger, would appear to the momentary glance of a terrified "human," if seen in front? The summit of the spine would be above the eyes, which, glaring among the surrounding hair, would seem below the high shoulders, or in the breast. From a description of the brute, so soon, I have no doubt travellers represented the race; *oculos in pectore habent*. Yours, &c.

A VOYAGER.

## CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE new method of spectrum analysis, of which we gave a brief account a month or two ago under this heading, bids fair to become one of the most powerful means of modern chemical research. The identification of a new metal by Bunsen was one of the earliest results of this method, and we are this week enabled to be the first to announce another equally important discovery. Mr. Crookes, the editor of the *Chemical News*, has just discovered that the sulphur group of elements contains another member. The appearance shown by the spectrum of this new body, when a little of it is burned in a gas-flame, is very remarkable; and as the discoverer has repeated before us many of the experiments in his laboratory, we are enabled to give a full account of the grounds upon which he bases his claim for the elementary character of this newly discovered body. Respecting the general method of spectrum analysis, and the marvellously beautiful phenomena which are thereby presented, we do not at present intend to enter into detail, as we propose shortly to devote a portion of our space to this subject, but the principles upon which it is based are easily intelligible. Nearly every elementary substance in nature (and recent developments of this branch of science would almost warrant us in saying *every element*), possesses the property of imparting certain colours to a flame, provided the latter is hot enough to volatilize the body; and this holds good, not only with the elements in the free state, but to all their compounds. When these colours are examined by a prism in an appropriate spectrum apparatus, they are, in most cases, resolved into a series of brilliantly luminous lines of every conceivable tint and colour, some sharp and defined as if ruled by hand, others shaded off at the edges, and having a nebulous appearance; but each system of coloured bands being invariably associated with the same element, and thus being as accurate a test of its presence as the most rigid chemical analysis could devise; in fact far better, for chemists, being human, may err, whilst the laws of light and refraction can never fail.

The minuteness of the portion of any substance which is able to show these appearances is something which entirely surpasses human comprehension. A grain is commonly supposed to be a minute quantity, and when chemists talk of the hundredth or the thousandth of a grain, it is imagined that the limit of appreciable subdivision has been reached; but the spectrum analyst knows no such limitation. He subdivides the grain into millions, tens of millions, and hundreds of millions, and proves conclusively (by a method of which we shall hereafter speak) that if he had presented before his eye in the spectrum apparatus a quantity of the element sodium not more than the three hundred millionth part of a grain, he could still detect it. Three grains of the metal sodium (a quantity which is contained in a thimblefull of sea water) might, therefore, be sub-divided amongst every inhabitant—man, woman, or child—on the face of this globe, and each would still have a sufficient quantity to detect unerringly by this optical process.

It will thus be seen what a powerful means of research into the secrets of nature this method becomes. Hitherto a chemist required a considerable number of grains of a body before he considered himself justified in pronouncing it to be a new element; but now he has only to look at a fragment of any mineral, and if it contains as much as the millionth part of a grain of a hitherto undetected element, it is instantly forced to announce its presence; the only requisite being that the explorer in these new realms of optical chemistry should be well acquainted with the appearances shown by all the sixty and odd known elements, when he can at once detect any strange body.

The new body which we have mentioned above as having been just discovered, came to light in this way. A mineral from the Hartz mountains having given some very discordant results in ordinary chemical analysis, a portion was subjected to spectrum examination, when the disturbing cause was at once seen, in the shape of a beautiful green line glowing on a pale background of the same colour. Our experimentalist having an intimate knowledge of the appearances which the bodies present ought to give, at once pronounced this line to be an interloper, and set to work to isolate its cause. After numerous trials and failures, constantly appealing to the spectrum for information as to how the stranger behaved under the various and unusual methods of treatment to which it was being subjected, success at last crowned his efforts, and Mr. Crookes is now the happy possessor of a whole grain of the new element! The appearance of its spectrum is very striking.

The discoverer, stationing himself at the gas burner, placed us in front of the powerful telescope with which the instrument is fitted. At first only the green and blue bands due to the gases in the burner were visible; but suddenly a bright flash of green light illuminated the field of view, and the new element was glowing before us as a sharply-cut, brilliant green line on a jet-black ground. The only elements which at all give a similarly striking spectrum are sodium and lithium, and the equally beautiful lines of these, which were afterwards exhibited simultaneously with the green line, are in entirely different portions of the spectrum, besides being of different colours, one being crimson and the other yellow. The proof of its elementary character was conclusive; and we at once felt perfectly competent to detect the stranger when and wherever afterwards it might present itself to our view. The new body is not yet named, but we presume the christening will not be long after the birth.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

The Council of the Royal Asiatic Society have kindly forwarded the following translation of a letter addressed to their President, by H. E. Mirza Ja'fer Khan, ambassador from his Majesty the Shah of Persia to the Court of St. James's, the details of which are interesting and important in the present position of the cotton question:—

From the circumstance that this well-wisher passed the spring-time of his life in this Island, and received at that time numerous marks of friendship and kindness from high and low among the natives of this country, he has therefore always been animated with a desire for the welfare and advantage of the British nation. At this present moment, by reason of the events occurring in the United States of America, a great deal of anxiety and discussion is to be observed as prevailing among the owners of cotton-mills. Some have recommended Zanguebar in Australia, others, again, India and various places, as most fit for the cultivation of that most useful product; but this well-wisher takes the present opportunity to demonstrate his friendly feelings by suggesting to the President of the Royal Asiatic Society, that the province of Khuzistan, now known by the name of Persian Arabia, is, from the circumstances of its vicinity to the sea, the fertility of its soil, the number of its rivers, as for instance the Kerkha, the Karun (Karun), the Jerrahi, Behbehān, &c., better adapted than the afore-named countries—that it is, in fact, the very best place for the cultivation of cotton. From the foot of the mountain ranges of Luristan, Arabian, and Behbehān, as far as the shores of the Persian Gulph, and of the Shattu'l-Arab, extends a vast country, the greater part of which is capable of being cultivated, so as to produce any required quantity of cotton, sugar, opium, or indigo, even as things are at present, and in spite of the want of capital, and of special knowledge among the inhabitants of those parts, a portion of the lands in question are cultivated near Shuster, Dizful, and Fellahigga. It is related by the Arabian historians that at the time when the dyke of the Karun near Ahwaz formed a source of prosperity to the environs, it was customary to place on the dinner-table of the Caliph at Bagdad, every evening, a tray of bread with a thousand pieces of gold, as derived from the revenue of that district. For this reason the district received the appellation of 'Selletu'l-Khutz,'—i.e. 'bread-basket.' Besides this, the ancient name of that region, in the old Persian language, is Khuzistan; and 'Khuz' means 'sugar.' By reason of its producing immense quantities of that product, the country became known as Khuzistan, i.e. Sugarland; and it is evident that the manufacturers of England may easily and speedily obtain from those regions any desired quantity of good and beautiful cotton. Many English travellers have visited those parts and viewed them from one extremity to the other, and have become well acquainted with its circumstances. From them, too, the truth may be learnt. In short, should the ideas above set forth meet your approbation, the best thing to do would be to transmit a notice thereof to the cotton manufacturing firms, in order that they may appoint an agent with whom the necessary stipulations on both sides may be discussed, and a definitive understanding come to in the matter.

(Sealed) MIRZA JA'FER KHAN.

2nd Sha'ban. 1277 (11th February, 1861).

At the last meeting of the Ethnological Society, a paper was read "On some Ancient Forms of Civilization," by Dr. R. Knox. In the early dawn of history, the author considered that four forms of civilization seem to have existed in regions of the earth, and amongst races of men, remote from each other, all remarkably antagonistic of those Western races who now play so prominent a part. These regions were Egypt, India, China, and the Valley of the Euphrates and Tigris; and the civilized races occupying them were the Copt, the Mongol, the Assyrian, and the Indian or Hindoo. These races have always presented unmistakable differences in physical organization and moral character, as is proved by historical as well as sculptural evidence, through thousands of years. The unchangeable nature of these forms of civilization, the result of the *morale* of the races, is as remarkable as the constancy of their physical characters. One of these races, the Coptic, has ceased to exist as a nation, but so long as it retained the semblance of a people, it seems never to have undergone any change. The Persian, Greek, Roman, and Saracen swept the Valley of the Nile, gazing with wonder or contempt at the sublime and mysterious monuments of ancient Egypt, but these intrusive peoples made no permanent change in the *morale* or *physique* of the Coptic race. What the Hindoo is now his ancestors were in the days of Alexander, and such no doubt he will remain; whilst there is nothing to show that the Mongolian of China was ever different than at present.

The author then combated some opinions expressed by Volney, and considered it certain that, although the Arab and other foreign races have displaced the native Copt from the soil of Egypt, the remains of that race, unaltered physically, still wander by the banks of the Nile. We have no pictorial remains of the ancient Celtic inhabitants of France; but it is certain that those of many parts of that country, especially of the Ardeche, strongly resemble our native Caledonians, that the identity of the race can scarcely be questioned; whilst the Basque continue an isolated people to this day. An indigenous race may be driven out by another, but even this accident, apparently so probable, seems but seldom to have happened: but, be this as it may, we have evidence of the existence of a pure Coptic race still in Egypt; while the physical characteristics of the Jew, the Gypsy, and the Parsee remaining unaltered under every circumstance and every climate: and the pictorial and sculptural remains of races whose features are still recognizable after a lapse of at least 4,600 years, prove not only the fixity of race-characters, but their persistence and antiquity.

The four races of which the author treats differ remarkably in their physical organization and social conditions, their literature and language, architecture and fine arts, and mode of warfare. The forms which their religious folly assumed were also distinct. Had nothing of the Coptic race remained but their skeletons, how meagre our knowledge, how inconceivably erroneous! But in the sculpture of the tombs of Thebes, the Coptic artist of that day has handed down to us the knowledge of that exterior by which Nature distinguishes her varied productions. In the presence of these monuments, the Copt ceases to be black, as was asserted by Herodotus. From them we learn that the race was peculiar: seemingly African, certainly not European. Those elongated, sleepy eyes, could never have been conjectured had we possessed but the crania of the race; the enlarged nostrils, extended mouth, and tumid lips, so characteristic of the Copt and of the Jewish race, probably descended from the Copt, must have remained for ever unknown but for those representations of that exterior in which resides all the remarkable distinctions.

The key to the literature of the Coptic race has been lost, and Egypt's place in history consequently is not yet determined. The Indian records are not deemed trustworthy, and the same is said of the Chinese. Thus, of the three most remarkable nations on the earth, the Coptic, Mongolian, and Hindoo, who each invented a civilization peculiar to itself, we are unable to determine the historical

relations. The history of ancient Egypt would have thrown light on that of Syria, Phoenicia, Assyria, Babylon, Arabia, and Ethiopia. In a true history of the Phoenician race, might have been found the secret of Etruria's ancient monuments; a faithful history of India might have illustrated that of Persia and Upper Asia; in that of China we might have discovered traces of the history of Central Asia as yet unknown to us. But those records fail us at the point where they are most wanted, and thus the history of those races must be sought for in the territories they are known to have occupied.

The aboriginal races of Asia Minor are quite unknown to us, and have not been mentioned by any author since Homer; whilst those of the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris are only known to us through the imperfect narratives of the early Greek writers. By the discoveries of Botta, Layard, Rawlinson, and Loftus, we now know that these races presented a form of civilization, of art, and a written language entirely peculiar.

Isolated from Egypt and Syria, checked by the natives of Asia Minor, and limited on the north and east by mountainous regions, their history must have been restricted to those valleys.

There is another difficulty in respect to these races of the Euphrates and Tigris, who invented, or at least employed, the cuneiform letters as the medium of monumental inscription—viz., that all traces of any littoral races seem to have been lost; although it is certain such must have existed. Such a race may have stood in the same relation to the more inland races as the Phoenician held to those around, and as the modern Basque to the Celtic race of France.

The Phoenicians, originally Syrian (Asiatic) sent warlike colonies to Africa and Europe, of which the African offshoot fill a bright page in history as the Carthaginians; but this maritime people made few or no conquests, and consequently but slightly influenced the future of the African continent; as in like manner the maritime Basque have made no head against the Celtic races, in a conquering point of view. But it may have been otherwise with an Egyptian or African colony landing in Southern Babylonia. Modern authors hint at this when they speak of the Egyptian or African origin of the Chaldee. The Armenian historians obscurely indicate a race entering by the valley of the Persian Gulf, and carrying to the highlands of Armenia the elements of civilization. Numerous have been the attempts of scholars to assign to these three races—the Coptic, Mongol, and Hindoo—not only their respective places in history, but likewise their respective claims to the discovery of the arts, who were first civilized, and what they borrowed from each other. The author's opinion has been long since expressed, that each created its own form of civilization, literature, language, art, and religion.

Two distinct races of men are pourtrayed on the Coptic monuments—the Copt and the Negro; and an ancient race not now to be found anywhere is depicted on the Etrurian monuments. Others there are also, on the Coptic relics, of which it seems impossible to define the races. They may represent some Scythian people, but they are not Jews, if the Jew of that day resembled the Jew of the present.

The ancient Coptic artists have represented on their monuments a considerable number of figures having different physiognomies; but many of these are representations of Arab tribes bordering on Egypt, and not at all intended to portray great original divisions of the human family. In these paintings much was obviously left to the fancy of the artist; but from these pictorial representations the Copt seems never to have penetrated into the land of the elephant, although this animal, the great arm of war in every age in India, abounded in Abyssinia, and, without doubt, also in Southern Libya. The absence of the elephant, the camel, and of cavalry, strikes at once at those theories which have assigned to the monarchs of Egypt a vast territory and many victories over adjoining nations. The ancient Copts made no conquests; and what at first seems almost incredible, were not the fact proved by their own monuments, they had not, during the lapse of thousands of years, discovered the art of training the camel and the elephant to domestic or warlike purposes.

The Egyptian monarchy had made no progress into Northern or Western Africa, and the elephant was unknown to them until the time when Alexander's generals returned from India, and thus introduced the Asiatic elephant into Africa and Europe.

A power which could not domesticate these animals, abounding in adjoining countries, and subjugated in very remote times by the savage chieftains of Northern Africa, must have been without energy, concert, power, and aggressive tendencies. It is also remarkable that there are amongst the ancient Egyptian pictorial representations figures almost resembling the Chinese. If they are really such, we have then another race depicted on those ancient monuments besides the Negro and the Copt. In early times the Chinese had penetrated as far as the Caspian, and their vessels might have navigated the Red Sea. In the time of Herodotus, an African people who shaved their heads, reserving the long central lock, dwelt to the south of Egypt, towards the sea-coast, and it may be these people which are represented.

The ancient Egyptians, Persians, Medes, Assyrians, and Babylonians, seem alike to have been ignorant of the use of cavalry and of the elephant.

Having thus alluded to the forms of civilization presented by the Copt, the Mongol, and the Hindoo, and spoken of them as original, the author did not wish it should be understood that in his opinion no civilized races had previously existed: on the contrary, he believed there were many such, but that their monuments had disappeared. What he contends for is the originality of these ancient forms; and as regards the Coptic, it has often occurred to him that Egypt, with its original population, holds relations much more intimate with Syria than with Africa. The Coptic physiognomy has in it something Syrian. Of the Mongolian, as represented by China, and of the Hindoo, all who have studied the monumental history of these races must admit that if they borrowed their civilization from Western races, the period when this happened must be infinitely remote, and that if such races existed, they and their monuments have wholly disappeared.

Subsequently it would appear, to the three forms of civilization treated of, there appeared in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris a race new to history and a new form of civilization,—the Assyrian. Some may be disposed to add the Babylonian or Chaldee. The Assyrian race were quite distinct in physical conformation: they were Asiatic; they had a written language of signs peculiar to themselves, and arts which, although in some respects resembling the Coptic, yet presented striking differences. From the Assyrian monuments we can determine much of their physical organization and form of civilization: that the latter was Oriental and peculiar is certain, and if extrinsic, it did not come from the Caucasus, nor from Desert Arabia.

By the shores of the Bosphorus and the Propontis, the Hellespont and Egean, there arose in early times a race of men whose destiny it was to present to mankind the highest form of civilization, and to teach them art, science, and philosophy. They also perceived the beautiful in nature, and had the ability to express it in sculpture. At a remote period of their history they had penetrated far into Asia Minor. These Greeks mingled deeply with the Asiatic races, and are supposed by Niebuhr to have drawn much of their architectural inspiration from

the Oriental mind. The contrast between the Assyrian, Coptic, and Indian sculpture with the Elgin marbles and other works of Greek art, may be well studied in our National Museum. Turn, there, for an instant from the contemplation of the dog-headed Anubis, the barbaric forms of Egypt, India, and Assyria, to the divine figures which meet the gaze in the Grecian galleries, and we shall be forced to admit that, between the minds of the races which fashioned and invented these different forms of art, there is a gulf impassable by any educational bridge. That ancient Greece altogether borrowed her grand ideas of art from the East cannot, however, be conceded when we see such distinctive features in the minds and characters of the races.

When we reflect on the forms of civilization which existed so many centuries ago, the mind wonders how it has happened that the great Western races, the Scandinavian and Celtic, the Teuton and German, the Goth and Sclavonian, had continued in the lowest condition of barbarism until a period which appears like yesterday in the history of man. Were these races which now dominate the earth, unable in forty centuries to advance one step in the direction of true civilization? It would seem so; for they lived and suffered under every form of government. Architecture they had none, and to speak of their literature and arts would be simply ridiculous; their religious folly assumed in general hideous and atrocious characters. Nor was it until returning from the East, where the Saracenic form of art had taken root, that a new architecture, the Gothic, arose. We may gather from the history of the middle ages, in what the rule of the sword uniformly ends. Nor was it until the discovery in Italy of the remains of Greek art, that the beautiful and true in art, literature, and science were once more recognized on earth.

It is natural for man to endeavour to trace from one race to another the elements of civilization; but look at the various forms of architecture, sculpture, and painting, and the social and domestic arts of the races, and how do these facts accord with such theories?

The Copt has never been traced to or from any other country but the valley of the Nile; Central Africa is the cradle of the Negro; in Southern Africa alone dwells the Bushman; to Eastern Asia we trace the Mongol; to the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, the Assyrian; to the banks of the Indus and Ganges, the Hindoo races once formed do not readily become extinct in a generic sense,—perhaps never. Be this as it may, the descendants of those ancient Assyrians still no doubt exist. For some thousands of years they have unconsciously trodden under foot the temples and palaces of their ancestors, and their ancestral history is now being unfolded by a race who, in a historical sense, has no ancestry. In the modern Armenian the author thinks we have the descendants of the ancient Assyrians. With some remarks on the Arab race this interesting paper was concluded.

In the time of Augustus, the Arabs were unconquered as they are now. Nineveh and Babylon rose and fell, leaving the Arabs free in their deserts. Brought into contact with many races, they adopted the inventions of none; they accepted fables for truth; and the Koran was their tomb of science, literature, and art. They attempted three settlements on three continents, and failed. Nature gave them desert Arabia as their home, and there only do they thrive.

In the discussion which followed, Dr. Latham and Mr. Crawfurd took part, but did not coincide with many of the author's views.

At the Linnean Society, Professor Bell, president, in the chair, Mr. David Moore, F.L.S., exhibited flowering specimens of *Megacarpaea polyandra*, a remarkable cruciferous plant with numerous stamens, from the Botanic Garden, Glasnevin, where it was originally raised from seeds, collected in the Upper Himalaya by the late Major Madden.

The papers read were:—1. "On the Possibility of taking a Zoological Census," by Alfred Newton, Esq., M.A., F.L.S. 2. "On the True Nature of Certain Structures appended to the Feet of Insects and *Arachnida*," by Tuffen West, Esq., F.L.S.

At the Chemical Society, Professor Brodie, president, in the chair, Messrs. H. O. Huskisson, A. C. MacLean, W. V. Simons, and E. B. Brown, M.D., were elected Fellows. Dr. Williamson read a paper "On Thermodynamics in relation to Chemical Affinity." Assuming the dynamical theory of heat, he showed that the chemical activity of a body was proportional to the amount of heat associated with it.

At the Zoological Society, Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair, Mr. Tegetmeier made some observations on the variations in plumage of gallinaceous birds, with particular reference to the hitherto undescribed case of male game cocks adopting the female dress, of which he exhibited a fine living example.

Mr. Bartlett read some notes on the affinities of *Balaeniceps*, which he pointed out agreed with the heron family in possessing a large and well developed pair of powder-down patches, situated on the lower back.

Dr. Cobbold read a classified list of Entozoa from animals that had died in the Society's gardens in the years 1857-60, among which were several undescribed species.

Dr. Günther pointed out some peculiarities in the anatomy of *Monitor niloticus*, from a specimen which had recently died in the Society's Gardens, and described a new genus of Australian freshwater fishes, for which he proposed the name *Nanoperca*.

Dr. Crisp exhibited specimens and drawing of *Cysticerci* from an Eland which had died in the Society's Gardens.

A communication was read from Dr. Otto Wücherer, corresponding member, on the Ophidians met with in the environs of Bahia, among which was a new species of the genus *Geophis*, proposed to be called *Geophis guntheri*.

A paper was read by Mr. R. F. Tomes, corresponding member, on the Bats of the genus *Vampyrus*, and their allies.

Dr. Sclater pointed out the characters of some new species of American Passerine Birds, from his own collection.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS Society has opened its thirty-eighth annual exhibition with a collection of nearly nine hundred pictures. This number is much too large for the space they occupy, for fully one-half the pictures are hung so high that, although they may be seen, proper examination is out of the question, being literally impossible. This over-crowding is a practice demanding reform; if a picture be hung where it cannot be properly seen, it is both unfair to the artist and tantalizing to the public. Should it be urged that only inferior works are so arranged, such plea is no excuse, for if these pictures are not worthy examination they ought not to be exhibited at all, as by their presence they serve but to interfere with, and distract attention from, meritorious works. Here the pictures are crowded and jumbled together worse than they would be in an auctioneer's sale-room. Of what use is a hanging committee if it does not exercise some discrimination, and take care to prevent pictures jostling each other to their mutual injury?

One Exhibition of this Society is so like another, that the task of viewing it is as dull and wearisome as listening to a twice told tale. As the greatest amount of artistic activity prevails in landscape painting, the landscapes are, consequently, greatly in the majority. There are landscapes with figures, and landscapes without, the latter in many instances preferable, seeing that the figures are generally of a nondescript character. Mr. Shayer has not got weary of painting gypsies, nor Mr. Zeitter of Hungarian peasants. The Williamses pursue their landscape manufacture with unabated vigour, ringing the changes on the same "property," mountains, skies, trees, and water, with the same unvarying monotony. But we must not do Mr. A. J. Williams the injustice to class him with this family of many aliases. His pictures are carefully studied from nature, and exhibit a commendable amount of painstaking, while they are free from most of the conventional tricks of the studio. His "Broadslade Bay" (No. 161), and the "Mumbles, Swansea Bay" (No. 499), are very truthful and highly-finished productions.

The same remarks apply to Mr. J. B. Ladbrooke's "Park Entrance on a Misty Morning" (No. 34), which, from its unaffected truth, is a very charming production. Mr. J. Tennant exhibits nine landscapes of very unequal merit. Their defects consist in want of repose: the eye wanders over the canvas in quest of something to rest upon, but finds nothing; there is no focus of light nor of feature. His best are No. 14, "Distant View of Brecon," which is, however, slovenly in parts; and No. 560, "Gathering Fern." Mr. J. J. Wilson's landscapes are distinguished by remarkable clearness and transparency, even to a fault, as the aerial perspective suffers by the excess: his pictures are, however, very carefully and conscientiously painted, even to the minutest detail. Mr. W. W. Gosling's Views on the Thames contain so much that is good, we can but regret that he indulges in impossible greens in his foliage, and allows a crudity to exist which might so easily be avoided; his skies are painted better than the average, but his figures require more care. Mr. J. C. Ward's landscapes are meritorious in possessing a natural quiet tone of colour, and are carefully studied. In No. 350, "Sunset—Coast of Mayo," Mr. A. Clint has attempted the unattainable, and failed, which, considering he has aimed at representing the sun, need not excite surprise. No effort at depicting this luminary, under any circumstance, ever was, or can be successful; all the glowing pigments of the palette are but as mud, compared with the pure luminous glow of a sunbeam. Among Mr. J. P. Pettitt's landscapes, No. 627, "Spring," is sparkling with light and sunshine; No. 47 is "A Village Green," which, although crude in the tints of the foliage, displays a nice feeling for nature. Mr. Vicat Cole's works show careful study of nature; but the skies are dull and opaque, and far from conveying the idea of a transparent medium. We scarcely know what to make of his "Surrey Cornfield" (No. 125), in which the whole mass of near foreground, representing a field of corn ready for the sickle, is represented by a mass of orange-yellow very far from the hue of straw. We have seen such crudities before, but hoped never to see them again.

There are many unpretending little pictures scattered here and there on the walls, liable to be overlooked through the dazzling glare of their more gaudy neighbours. Among these we may distinguish No. 36, "By the Brook Side," by R. Beavis; "The Twelve Pins, Connemara" (209), by G. Shalders; "Among the Thistles" (255), by T. Worsey; "Old Cottage, Wilberton, Devon" (259), by W. Pitt; "An English Lane" (274), by P. Deakin; "Evening Rays" (307), T. Whittle; "Evening" (358), C. Smith; "Rochester" (392), W. E. Bates; "The Road through the Dell" (415), L. Henzell; "Dunstanborough Castle" (611), J. Webb. "From a Sketch near Farnborough" (No. 1), by J. E. Meadows, is a truthful transcript of nature, free from convention. Mr. H. J. Boddington exhibits some very brilliant landscapes, among which (226) "A Passing Shower," (349) "A Welsh Lane," (363) "Torrent near Dolgelly," and (547) "Evening on the Greta," are very meritorious, particularly the last named. Mr. J. B. Pyne's "Rome, from the Ilex Walk," shows a great falling off in execution in this mannerist. It is scarcely possible to believe that a veteran in painting should venture to violate the first principles of his art. Mr. Bond's "Fishing Boats, Caernarvon Castle," is a palpable, but miserable imitation of Turner's style of treatment, without a bit of pure colour or definite form in the painting: his palette must surely have been primed with mud and chalk.

Sheep appear to be the greatest favourites among quadrupeds with painters. Their fleecy coats are well represented by Mr. G. Cole and others; but none approach Miss Desvignes in her skill in depicting the peculiar characteristics of this animal. Her "Sheep" (629), a small, unpretending picture, is among the most artistic and meritorious in the gallery. There are a few cattle pieces, tolerably well painted, but not calling for special remark. In the "Cart-horse Fair, Barnet," Mr. Melville has exhibited a most ludicrous parody of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." In still life, fruit and flower pieces, we find some remarkably good pictures by Mr. Charles Stuart and J. T. Lucas.

Mr. Ward's "Birds' nest" (59) is a marvellous piece of microscopic detail, displaying an amount of talent that might be profitably bestowed on more important subjects. This picture is quite a gem in its way.

In portraiture there are but very few specimens; among the best, and we may say the best, is the portrait of Miss Lucas (105), painted by John Lucas, which reminds us agreeably of the style of Gainsborough, whom no English painter has ever rivalled in this department of art.

Nearly every attempt at Scripture subjects that we have seen of late years has proved an egregious failure. The subjects are so vulgarized in the treatment, as to become revolting. What, for instance, can be a greater profanation than to call No. 348 "Head of our Saviour?"

Mr. Dicksee's portrait styled "Ophelia" (463), is painted with very great care and skill. Mr. Baxter's "Desdemona," which hangs beside it, displays that skill in flesh-painting by which this artist is so eminently distinguished.

In the class of *genre* subjects there are several pictures of merit; those of Mr. J. Collinson being especially praiseworthy. His "Odd or Even" (7), two boys contending eagerly at guessing, is perhaps a little exaggerated, but vigorous and elaborately studied; the harmony of the picture is impaired by the glaring red band on the boy's cap. His "So hot!" (72), an old man holding a granddaughter (?) in his lap, while she is attempting to drink hot tea, is even better than the preceding. "Solace for an Invalid," although very carefully painted, we dislike, on account of the subject; it is clap-trap and over-done; it belongs to a class which may raise a grin on the faces of the facetious, but is quite unworthy the artist's thought. Mr. Helmsley's "Emigrant's Letter" (24) is a good composition, true to nature. There is a spice of originality about Mr. T. Roberts's "Lace Maker" (40), but we cannot accept the colour of the face as truth to nature, nor is the suspended foot artistically drawn; the picture is most carefully elaborated. "The Sermon" (95) we like better; it is a very vigorously-drawn picture, and truthful. "His Mammy's Grave" (326) is full of feeling; pity the sky is not better painted. "Now for London" (112), is a carefully-studied picture, by Mr. J. W. Haynes. Mr. Bromley, in No. 60, "Let him bear the Palm that deserves it," has appropriated one of Mr. Webster's subjects, and handled it with much vigour and cleverness; the boys are capitally treated. "The Naughty Girl" (445) by R. Elliott, is a capital bit of nature. Mr. C. S.

Lidderdale's "Counting her Chickens," and "The Maid and Magpie" (555), possess a certain amount of cleverness. No. 573, "The Little Truant," by Mr. J. Bouvier, ought to have been hung on the line. "Dangerous Crumbs" (614), by Mr. Henderson, is a naive little study.

We have seen every race of cats the animal kingdom can show, but certainly not one among them bears any resemblance to Mr. Peele's monster, in "The approach of the enemy" (514); instead of a mouth, it has a muzzle like that of a bull-dog. In Mr. Bryant's "Fair Time" (410), containing some scores of figures, the flesh-colour is the same throughout, whether the figure represents old or young, man, woman, or child; the picture, somewhat pretentious and laboured, is but a mass of confusion, spotted all over, like a chess-board. Two pictures that attract by originality of treatment, are "La Chiffonnière," by P. H. Calderon (302), and "Griselda at the Well," by G. A. Storey (314); this last conveys an evening-twilight effect most truthfully.

Mr. Cobbett paints a class of pictures which, from their rustic prettinesses and showy colour, are sure to prove attractive to an undiscriminating public. To the critic they appear ill drawn, and exceedingly false in colour. We remember well the early pictures exhibited by this artist—his "Babes in the Wood" especially—which were painted with some regard to truth in colour; but now every succeeding year he wanders farther and farther from Nature, and bids fair to enter a pretty conventional world of his own, whither we shall not care to follow him. Mr. Henzell so closely resembles Mr. Cobbett, both in his subjects and style of treatment, that the superficial observer is likely to take the works of the one for those of the other.

Mr. Hurlstone, the veteran president of the society, comes forth in this Exhibition with fresh vigour, presenting us with half a dozen Spanish subjects, which, to say the least, are attractive by virtue of his peculiar style of treatment, no less than by the subjects. Mr. Hurlstone has evidently striven not so much to transfer the pure hues and delicate tones of Nature's palette to his canvas, as to make new pictures look like old ones. For what other reason can it be that he persists in painting such muddy backgrounds to represent sky or distance? In fact, his palette seems overcharged with muddy compounds, which no skill can make to represent flesh tones. It is melancholy to see so much power and capability for good things marred in the attempt to depict nature according to the conventionalities of the studio rather than as she really appears to the unjaundiced eye. No. 78, "A View of a Window at Granada," is a capital subject, well handled in all respects save as to colour. "Josepha" is, in the drapery, a glowing piece of colour indeed, but what truth, may we ask, is there in that bright red streak on the left arm, intended to represent light reflected from a white drapery? These tricks of art, and perverseness too, are quite unworthy of the talent of so good an artist as Mr. Hurlstone has well proved himself to be.

One more artist, and we have done. We have deferred speaking of Mr. A. J. Woolmer's productions to the last, because, like most great geniuses, this artist has abandoned all formulas, and become a law unto himself, and is, therefore, not amenable to the ordinary canons of criticism. He has created a new era in the art of painting; he produces pictures by colour alone, without the flimsy aids of drawing or chiaroscuro. Difficult problem! once thought impossible of solution; but, like Archimedes of old, Mr. Woolmer has, too, his *Eureka*. By a few dabs of Prussian blue, or emerald green, a little broken red here, and a splash or two of yellow there, lo! he paints a picture in less time than the plodding artist can lay his palette. The result is amazing, unlike anything in heaven or earth. If this does not proclaim genius, the true creative faculty, what does? It is true, his figures have neither form, face, nor feature; they can dispense with arms or legs, or adroitly tuck them up under their draperies—but what of that? Cannot the artist do as he likes with his own? In Mr. Woolmer's hands, painting becomes an *easy* art; no long apprenticeship is required to be spent in drawing; the mysteries of chiaroscuro may be disregarded, or even ignored; perspective can be dispensed with; colour is the one thing only needed; with this the eyes of the vulgar are dazzled. Mr. Woolmer has long since ceased to look upon Nature; she bothered him too much, so he made a goddess for himself, and set her up in his studio, and most devoutly does he worship her.

If Mr. Woolmer be on the right road, in common with most other students of nature and art, we have all our lives been pursuing the wrong one. We have been taught to believe that the artist was in the main bound to represent nature truthfully, but by such mode of treatment as his peculiar idiosyncrasy might suggest. For art needs not absolute, only relative truth. The elements of art are supposed to consist of design, form, and colour. The artist can convey his idea by outline alone, or by form, without colour; but colour without form is an absurdity, to which Mr. Woolmer wishes to reconcile us. But with all due deference to this artist's innovations, we still adhere to the old faith.

One fact is strikingly evident in this exhibition, which is, that amid the many artists who devote their talents to landscape painting, how few, very few, there are who can paint a sky. Artists seem to be wholly unaware that the blue ether above our heads, and the clouds that flow beneath it, are not solid bodies, and cannot be represented by opaque pigments. Since the introduction of artificial ultra-marine, most pictures are spoiled by it when introduced into the skies. Laid on pure and solid, this factitious ultra-marine is a heavy opaque pigment, as unlike the pure blue of our skies as Naples yellow is like the radiant face of the sun. Artists seem strangely blind to the mischief caused to otherwise good pictures by the use of this pigment.

Landscape-painting was once thought to be a branch of art in which the British artist stood unrivalled; and we have had great masters in that sphere. Their successors have not, however, advanced the art beyond the point to which they carried it, but have gone on year by year, treading the same circle. The opening of the German Gallery, some nine years ago, introduced to notice the productions of Belgian, Swiss, German, and Norwegian artists. Then it became evident that some powerful rivals were ready to contend with us for supremacy in landscape art. This discovery, however, does not appear to have produced the salutary effect upon British artists that was anticipated; on the contrary, they continue to jog on in the same unvarying round, alike indifferent or hostile to change or progress.

It would appear that the pursuit of art has a dwarfing tendency upon the mind, else, how is it that in every other sphere of intellectual activity in science or literature, progress is recognizable? Only art is stationary or retrograde. This doubtless arises from inadequate culture in the artist, from his proneness to dilettantism; instead of marching in the van, abreast or ahead of his fellows, he follows in the rear, the last of the laggards.

#### VICTORIA-CROSS GALLERY. EGYPTIAN HALL.

This is an exhibition of which every Englishman may well feel proud. Mr. Louis Desanges has sought to illustrate those acts of bravery and heroism which have been rewarded with the Victoria Cross, now amounting to nigh fifty in number; and, in being the work of one painter, is in itself a remarkable fact.

The recent military events in the Crimea and India have, of course, supplied the artist with the subjects of his pictures. The new additions to the series

exhibited in previous years are six in number; among the most striking of which is an incident of the Persian campaign of 1857. "At the battle of Kooshab, on the occasion of the breaking of the Persian square by the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, led by Colonel Forbes, Lieutenant Moore was foremost by a horse's length. He leaped into the square, and his horse fell dead. He would have inevitably lost his life had not his brother officer, Lieutenant Malcolmson, observing his adjutant's peril, fought his way back through the broken ranks of the enemy, and, giving him a stirrup, safely carried him through everything out of the throng." This incident is very well represented by the artist. The attitude of Lieutenant Moore, against whom three Persian soldiers are advancing, with fixed bayonets, is sternly defiant and fearless; the expression on the faces of the principal actors in the scene is well studied. It is a picture that arrests attention, and repays examination.

Another large picture represents Colour-Sergeant Henry McDonald engaged in effecting a lodgment in the enemy's rifle-pits, in front of the left advance of the right attack on Sebastopol. There is no dramatic action in this picture: the soldier is simply advancing through the darkness, sword in hand. His bravery, however, won for him a place in the Legion of Honour, of which he is a Knight. The other large picture represents Mr. Ross L. Mangles, of the Bengal Civil Service, carrying a disabled soldier out of the action, after having bound up his wounds, under a murderous fire, which killed or wounded nearly the whole detachment. Here the action is simple, being limited to the principal figure carrying the wounded soldier; yet it is so represented as to excite interest in the event. The three other smaller works represent Private Henry Ward bringing in safely his wounded officer and a comrade, at the relief of Lucknow; and the heroic self-devotion and intrepidity of Drs. Gee and McMacher in bringing in and attending to the wounded under a heavy fire from the rebels at Lucknow. The other represents Sergeant (now Captain) Luke O'Connor persisting in carrying the colours at the battle of the Alma, although wounded, after they had fallen from the hands of Lieutenant Anstruther.

The execution of these pictures does not come within the usual range of criticism, the artist being in many, if not most instances, fettered by the realities of incidents. He has, however, generally succeeded in producing a work which, if it fails to satisfy the mind altogether, is at least sure to excite interest.

#### MR. SELOUS'S PICTURES OF JERUSALEM.

Mr. Selous could not have selected a more interesting or impressive subject for the exercise of his pencil than "Jerusalem: in her Grandeur, and in her Fall." To the Christian mind the Holy City is endeared by the sublimest associations, which these pictures cannot fail to conjure up in the most vivid manner.

In "Jerusalem in her Grandeur," the time chosen by the painter is the Redeemer's entry into that city. The spectator is supposed to be standing on the Mount of Olives, from which elevated point the whole city and country around and beyond lie spread out as on a map. Conspicuous among the buildings which contribute to Jerusalem's grandeur, are the palace of King Herod, and the towers which he built, and which even the Roman conqueror spared and left standing as mementos of the former magnificence and strength of the city. There, also, stands the Temple, radiant with beauty, its triple cloister and gateway, its lofty watch-tower, its "tower that lieth without," and the gate called "Beautiful;" there, too, is the palace of Caiaphas the high-priest, the amphitheatre, the judgment-hall, the mournful way, the path leading to Calvary. Other features of the Holy City stand revealed, as they may have looked nigh two thousand years ago by the magic of the artist's pencil. In the foreground are groups full of animation: Roman horsemen, the scribes and doctors of the law, the awe-struck crowd, the sick whom the Redeemer has healed, the mother supplicating help for her dying child. Above all is the clear blue heavens, scarcely speckled with a cloud.

We turn to "Jerusalem in her Fall." The temple has disappeared: its place is occupied with the shrine of another faith—with the mosque of Omar, around which cluster other mosques, synagogues, temples, churches, claimed by the worshippers of different creeds struggling for supremacy. We view the Holy City from the same spot as before, Mount Olivet, but Time has worked its changes. If in the other picture we viewed a degenerate city, here it is a profaned one.

Conspicuous among the figures in the foreground is a party of English travellers, with their Arab guide, a Turkish officer, and other figures appropriate to the scene. In this picture, the artist had only to be literal; but he has kept the subject in strict harmony. All is changed below, it is true; but above there is the same unchanged, unchangeable heavens.

These pictures partaking somewhat of a panoramic character, the figures involving the action are necessarily small, although the canvas is of unusually large dimensions; yet, by occupying a foreground situated at some distance from the city, they are comparatively large.

There is much to praise in these pictures. With every temptation such a subject might excite in the painter for clap-trap accessories, the treatment is judiciously subdued, and in admirable keeping with the gravity and sanctity of the scene. The pictures are very carefully painted; the skies especially so. Here the spectator may find more food for thought than in many a crowded exhibition. We have to regret, however, that these pictures are not exhibited in a more suitable gallery; that in which they now hang is much too small, and not well lighted. The pictures hang much too low, which prevents their being seen to the best advantage.

#### POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

The amusements of a people may be regarded, in some measure, as an exponent of their civilization. If they be frivolous, coarse, or cruel, they must inevitably have a corresponding demoralizing or brutalizing influence on the mass of society.

The importance of providing the people with amusements is well recognized under arbitrary governments; hence the subvention for the theatres of Paris; of the toleration by the Austrians of the trials of strength between the Castellani and Nicollotti among the populace of Venice. With us the people are wisely left to provide their own amusements, or to enjoy such as are provided for them. These have greatly improved in their character of late years. We are no longer shocked with the disgusting exhibitions of bull and bear-baiting or cock-fighting, and even prize-fighting is rapidly on the wane. With the progress of education and increased intelligence refinement has come, and now some dramatic or musical form of entertainment engages most pleasure-seekers in quest of an evening's entertainment.

Within a very few years a new class of entertainment has sprung up in the metropolis—a class of purely native growth, which, from the humblest beginnings, has now assumed colossal proportions, so as at length to vie with and even rival the theatre in attraction. Their success is undoubtedly derived from their skilfully combining the *utile* with the *dulce*, refreshment with entertainment. Here, in an apartment of noble proportions, artistically decorated, well lighted and

ventilated, the pleasure-seeker can exchange the dulness of home for the stimulus of company, a cheerful glass, the comforting pipe, and the accompaniment of sweet sounds. For the class for whom it was in the first instance especially provided, this kind of entertainment must be regarded as a great boon. Previously, the lords of creation resorted to the public-house, where well-conducted females could not follow them, there to regale themselves with deep potions of strong drink and ribald songs. But the music halls have changed all that; and now, every publican who wishes to retain his customers must provide a "harmonic meeting," at least once a week, where a cracked piano does duty for an orchestra, and the singers are remarkable for their nasal propensities and strength of lungs.

To the music-hall, however, the female members of the family may resort without fear of having their sense of propriety or decency shocked. The music is, in most cases, exceeding well executed, and, for the most part, of a very good quality. Old English songs and glees alternate with grand *scènes* from the operas of Verdi, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and other classical masters. No kind of impropriety is tolerated for a moment. All are free to come, and stay, and go, so long as they pay their reckoning, and conduct themselves with decorum. These halls are immensely popular, being generally crowded every night, and the proprietors make fortunes rapidly, notwithstanding the heavy expenses the entertainment entails.

If we seek to ascertain the source of this extreme popularity, we discover it to reside partly in the "free and easy" character of the entertainment. In this respect it contrasts favourably with the theatre, where the pleasure-seeker is condemned to four or five hours of cramped inactivity, and if he be rash enough to seek refreshment in the theatre, has to pay dearly for his temerity. In fact, it would appear as if theatrical managers had exercised all the ingenuity they could devise, in order to drive the public away from their houses. The charge for admission is but a fraction of the expense entailed on a party of playgoers. Fees and bribes are encountered at every turn, and too often it happens that the entertainment is found worth much less than the trouble and vexation attendant upon witnessing it. Some managers have with laudable foresight attempted to reform the abuses and evils alluded to; they will best show their wisdom by reforming it altogether.

Our advertising columns show that another class of entertainments flourish, which, partaking partly of a dramatic and partly of a musical character, are also making strong inroads on the theatrical exchequer. These entertainments, although of one general composition, differ widely in quality. At one end of the scale may be placed the wit and drollery of John Parry, at the other the imbecile buffoonery of Woodin. Between these two extremes many stars of varying brilliancy revolve in their respective orbits. Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Emma Stanley, Miss Grace Egerton, the Christy Minstrels, Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert, musical entertainments without number, interspersed with "readings" by Mr. Charles Dickens, various wizards and conjurors, *posés plastiques*, orators, and lecturers. Pleasure-loving Paris could hardly show a more extensive or varied list of places of entertainment than London with its dozen theatres, its score of music-halls, and other centres of attraction.

Upon the whole, there is no need to regard this increase of sources of distraction with disfavour or mistrust. The people must be amused; and it may be questioned whether in any capital in Europe they can enjoy themselves more rationally or harmlessly than in our metropolis.

#### MUSIC.

##### PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

IT has been the custom, time out of mind, during Passion Week, to abstain from operatic and dramatic entertainments. Miscellaneous concerts are likewise objected to, but the lovers of sacred music have certainly no reason to complain: they have been presented with an oratorio every day. On Monday, the Crystal Palace treated them to a selection of funeral music; on Tuesday, to "Elijah"; on Wednesday, to the "Creation"; to the "Messiah" on Thursday. Miss Banks, Madame Laura Baxter, Miss Martin, Mr. Wilbey Cooper, and Mr. Santley were the singers. On Wednesday evening, the Sacred Harmonic Society invited the public to their annual performance of the "Messiah," under the direction of Mr. Costa, assisted by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves; besides many other sacred musical entertainments, with "full orchestra and thin choruses, ladies at the pianoforte, and gentlemen without voices." We have heard of a "Sacred Promenade Concert" being given at one of the bazaars, where some of Bach's "fugues" were performed on the flute! On Good Friday the Crystal Palace directors gave another "Great Sacred Concert" at three o'clock, in the transept, at which Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Rudersdorf, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Santley appeared. We should have great pleasure in giving our readers an account of all these sacred performances, but mortal nerves were apparently not designed to stand the brunt of a dozen oratorios in one week, even Passion Week. We shall, therefore, proceed to make a few remarks on the prospects of the season, which, we hope, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

The first thing that deserves our attention is the programme of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, issued by Mr. Gye.

The speech of the Emperor of the French on New Year's Day, or the speech on the Budget by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are not more eagerly expected than is the prospectus of Mr. Gye at the beginning of the Italian campaign. The public is as discriminating and watchful here as it is in France: no fine words, no hollow phrases, no ambiguous promises can deceive it; the manifesto is stripped of all its glitter, and the facts carefully scanned. In the present instance we discover, on the first blush, an enormous list of "prime, seconde, and terze donne," an equal number of "primi tenori assoluti e non assoluti," and ever so many "baritoni bassi and bassi profondi." When we have waded through the forest of titles which these signore and signori, these mesdames and messieurs bring with them from their respective countries, we run through the list of works which have been, and are to be performed, and having formed an opinion, we express ourselves for or against the bill. Speaking generally, we cannot say the verdict is altogether favourable. Signor Mario, Madame Grisi, and Signor Gardoni are conspicuous by their absence. This is greatly to be regretted, though we doubt whether Mr. Gye is at fault. The public little knows what a director or manager of a great operatic establishment has to suffer from the "caprices" and pretensions of the singers. If their pay is extravagant, their conceit is unbounded. Every quaver they are to sing is paid for in gold, though, when sung, they may not bring in a farthing.

With Signor Mario, however, this last "tirade" falls to the ground. Mr. Gye is far too shrewd a man not to perceive that the loss of so great a singer and public favourite must be most injurious to the interests of the theatre. But there is another wheel at work. If Madame Grisi cannot make up her mind to rest on her laurels, and be contented with her imperishable and well-earned fame, she must, we fear, be prepared, if she does not wish to leave the stage, to find the

stage progressing to new, if not better destinies. Nor can we fail to sympathise in the feelings which must inevitably arise in the breast of an *artiste* who has so long reigned in the hearts of the British public, and more than any singer enjoyed their favour and sympathy. Mr. Gye is, however, bound to study the taste of the public and the subscribers. He is not to be blamed if the secession of one singer should likewise involve the loss of another. He has, we doubt not, done his best to prevent such an occurrence. Signor Gardoni is, we are sorry to see, also among the absentees. With the reason of his non-engagement we are not acquainted. Although never a positive attraction, Signor Gardoni was always to be depended upon; his singing invariably proved satisfactory, while on the stage he was always painstaking and gentlemanlike.

The list contains most of the old favourites and some additional names, viz. Mesdames Penco, Didiée, Rosa Czillag, Miolan-Carvalho, Rudersdorf, and Corbari. Signori Tamberlik, Neri-Baraldi, Ronconi, Graziani, Faure, Zelger, and Tagliafico, and probably Herr Formes. The German basso has been more than once advertised, but his appearances have not been quite so numerous. His name seems to have great weight with the manager. Signor and Signora Tiberini and Monsieur Jourdan are the new comers, of whom report speaks highly. Mr. Costa retains his post as director of the music and conductor of the orchestra. The repertoire remains the same as in former years. A new opera by Signor Verdi, "Il Ballo in Maschera," and an old opera by Bellini, "Il Pirata," are the promised novelties. This concludes the bill of fare. Though not of astounding strength, we do not see what more Mr. Gye could have done under the circumstances. Great singers do not grow on bushes. The system of engaging more "stars" than are wanted, for the sake of effect in the bills, is a decided mistake, since it requires a long purse and is injurious to the real progress of art. We need not go far to find an example. In former seasons Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, took the town by storm with whole columns of names belonging to singers, drawn from all parts of the globe. London naturally wondered at Mr. Smith's liberality and pluck, but had certain misgivings as to the stability of the undertaking, and, as it would appear, was not quite wrong. Alas! this year all is in a cloud. Some say there will be no Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. Others speak of the engagements of Signor Mario and Madame Grisi, besides Mdlle. Titien and Signor Giuglini, whilst a few whisper something about pecuniary difficulties, in which the enterprising impresario is involved. While sincerely regretting to hear such gloomy accounts, both for Mr. Smith's sake and the artists engaged at his establishment, we should not be surprised if there were some truth in these reports, since no man has been more prodigal and less well advised than the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre. To cater for the million is all very well when the million provides for the caterer. We will, however, hope for the best, and shall be glad to note the re-appearance of Mr. Smith as "Impresario."

Next in importance come the concerts. We hear already of the arrival of several artists from the continent, and of others who intend to honour us with their presence. The piano will be represented by Herr Ritter, who created such a sensation at the Philharmonic Society last year, in one of Hummel's concertos. Herr Lubeck, the favourite of the Musical Union Matinées, is also expected. Fraulein Mangold, a pupil of Stephen Heller, announces her return from Paris. She will be very welcome if she will give us the opportunity of hearing some of her master's beautiful compositions, much too seldom played in public.

The violin will uphold its supremacy in the hands of M. Wieniawsky, who has already won for himself golden opinions, and will still find many admirers. Herr Strauss, "Concert-meister" at Frankfort, will again give us the opportunity of appreciating his talent, which shone to great advantage at some of Mr. Ella's meetings last season. Herr Becker has, on several occasions, proved himself to be a violinist of great merit, and will no doubt meet with a hearty reception from his friends. We regret to hear that the great Joachim will not visit our shores this season. Some papers mention that Ole Bull, who produced a great sensation many years ago, will come back to England in the capacity of "composer," and wishes to dispose of some of his compositions. He may have found it easier to compose them than to dispose of them.

So much for the "virtuosi." We are afraid to mention the host of singers who will "return to town" for the season, as the chances are some have never left; but whether they return or not, so they come, we bid them welcome. Besides the meetings of the "Musical Union," we are informed that M. Sainton intends giving a series of classical chamber concerts at his own residence, at which, together with the works of the great masters, more modern compositions will be performed for the first time in England. This is good news for all amateurs and connoisseurs of the violin, and of classical music in general, as no artist enjoys a greater reputation as a performer of chamber music than M. Sainton.

The great event of the season, however, is the production of Herr Molique's oratorio of "Abraham," composed expressly for the festival at Norwich, which took place last autumn. The success obtained at this great meeting by Herr Molique's oratorio was immense. We have therefore great pleasure in noticing the announcement of its first performance in London on the 17th of April, in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital. The oratorio will be conducted by the composer, and everything done to secure a first-rate performance. The event is looked forward to with the greatest impatience.

We have now given our readers a *résumé* of the most important items in the approaching musical season. To comment upon its various doings will be no easy task, but we shall endeavour to discharge our duties as a critic in a fair and impartial spirit, our only object being the advancement of art, and its proper appreciation.

THE CENSUS OF 1861.—Early next week, a paper will be left with the occupier of every house in the United Kingdom, and on Monday week the same paper will be called for, in the expectation that it has been filled up with the names of all those who have slept in the house the preceding night. The paper so left emanates from the Census Office, and the object sought for in having a correct return of names is that there may be prepared from these returns an accurate census of the population—showing how many men, women, and children there were living on the 7th April, 1861—what were their ages, professions, trades, and callings in life. What is sought is a knowledge of indisputable facts; and all are bound to co-operate in the collection of them. There is nothing more easy than to tell the truth. That alone is asked for by the enumerators who are to visit each house on the 8th April, and no honest man ought to refuse giving a candid answer to the simple questions put to him on the enumerators' papers, and which (if he knows how to write) he is bound to fill up.

JOY AND SORROW.—"The gladdest objects and existences" (observes Hawthorne, in his novel "Transformation"), "become the saddest: hope fading into disappointment; joy darkening into grief, and festal splendour into funeral darkness; and all evolving, as their moral, a grim identity between gay things and sorrowful ones. Only give them a little time, and they turn out to be just alike."

## NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## SIR W. PYM, K.C.B.

On Tuesday, the 19th instant, at 38, Upper Harley-street, aged 89, Sir William Pym, K.C.B. The deceased gentleman was a son of the late Joseph Pym, Esq., of Pimley, co. Warwick (a descendant of John Pym of the reign of Charles I.), by a daughter of Thomas Arnott, Esq., of Cupar, co. Fife, and elder brother of the late Admiral Sir Samuel Pym, who died in 1855. He was born in 1776, and entered the army medical department at an early age. In 1816 he was appointed Inspector-General of Hospitals, and for many years previous to his decease was Superintendent-General of Quarantine for the ports of the United Kingdom. He served for some time in the 35th and 70th Regiments of Foot, and also in a light infantry battalion in the West Indies during the expedition of Sir Charles Grey, and subsequently on the staff at Gibraltar and Malta, and also in Sicily. He was the author of a rather able medical treatise on "Yellow Fever, and its Causes and Treatment," which is highly thought of by the profession. He received the honour of knighthood in 1830 from King William IV., on his return from Gibraltar, where he had volunteered his services during the prevalence of a destructive fever in 1823.

## SIR J. D. HAY, BART.

On Tuesday, the 19th, at Dunragit, N.B., Sir James Dalrymple-Hay, Bart., in the 72nd year of his age. The deceased Baronet was the eldest son of the late

Sir James Dalrymple-Hay, Bart., who assumed the additional surname and arms of Hay in 1794, on account of his marriage with Susannah, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Hay, Bart., of Park-place, Wigtonshire. He was born in 1789, succeeded to the title in 1812, and married, first, in 1819, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Heron-Maxwell, Bart., of Springkell. Being left a widower in 1821, he married, secondly, in 1823, Anne, daughter of G. Hathorn, Esq., of London.

He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was entered as a gentleman commoner. He was for many years a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for his native county of Wigtonshire, and according to the "County Families," represented a younger branch of the noble house of Dalrymple, Earl of Stair. He is succeeded in the title and estates by his son, John Charles, a Post Captain, R.N., who was born in 1821, and married, in 1847, the Hon. Eliza Napier, third daughter of the 8th Lord Napier. He was educated at Rugby, and served with considerable distinction on the coast of Syria in 1841, in Borneo in 1846, and in China in 1849, when he destroyed some pirate vessels on the coasts of China and Tonquin, for which the merchants of China presented him with a handsome service of plate.

## GENERAL VERNON.

On Friday, the 22nd inst., aged 81, General Henry Charles Edward Vernon, C.B., of Hilton Park, near Wolverhampton, co. Stafford. According to the

"County Families," he was the only son of the late Henry Vernon, Esq., of Hilton Park (who died in 1814), by his first wife, Penelope, daughter of Arthur Graham, Esq., of Dublin. He was born at Geneva in 1779, and entered the army in 1798; he became Captain in 1801, and was subsequently Brigade-Major on the staff, and afterwards Deputy-Adjutant-General to the army in Portugal, and was present at Talavera, Badajoz, and the siege of Burgos. He also commanded the rear-guard on the retreat into Portugal. In 1813-15, he acted as Inspecting Field Officer in Nova Scotia, and subsequently commanded the 2nd Queen's regiment in the West Indies. From 1818 to 1828 he held the post of Inspecting Field Officer in the Ionian Islands, but retired on half-pay in the latter year. He attained the rank of Major-General in the army in 1841. The late gallant officer, who represented a branch of the noble Norman house of Vernon, married in 1804 Maria, 4th daughter of the late George J. Cooke, Esq., of Harefield Park, near Uxbridge, Middlesex, but was left a widower in 1827. His son and successor, Henry Charles Vernon, Esq., was born in 1805, and married, in 1828, Catharine, youngest daughter of Richard Rice Williams, Esq., of Hendredenny, co. Glamorgan.

## BARON GREENE.

On Saturday, the 23rd March, at Dublin, aged 69, the Right Hon. Richard Wilson Greene, late one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Ireland. He was a son of the late Sir Jonas Greene, Recorder of Dublin, and was born in 1791; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated and obtained the gold medal in 1811; was called to the Irish Bar in 1814; elected a Bencher of the King's Inns, Dublin, in 1834, and held the Irish Solicitor-Generalship, and subsequently the Attorney-Generalship, during Sir Robert Peel's administration in 1842-6. He was advanced to the Judicial Bench under Lord Derby's brief tenure of office in 1852, and had recently retired on the ground of failing health. The deceased judge, who was much respected both as a man and as a lawyer, and who, though a strong Conservative, was highly complimented on his great legal knowledge by no less an authority than the late Mr. O'Connell, married a daughter of the late Thomas Wilson, Esq., of York. We learn from the "County Families" that the judge's son is Mr. Richard Jonas Greene, Barrister-at-Law, who was born in 1824.

## S. P. ALLEN, ESQ.

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., after a long illness, aged 46, Seymour Philipps Allen, Esq., of Cresselly, co. Pembroke. He was the eldest son of the late John Hensleigh Allen, Esq., of Cresselly, by Gertrude, daughter of the late Lord Robert Seymour, and granddaughter of the first Marquis of Hertford. He was born in the year 1814, and educated at Harrow, and Christ Church, Oxford. In early life he held a commission in the 1st Regiment of Life Guards. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Pembrokeshire, and served the office of High Sheriff of that county in 1850. He married, in 1843, Catherine, eldest daughter of the Hon. Newton Fellowes, of Egglesford, Devon (afterwards Earl of Portsmouth), by whom he has left, with other issue, a son and successor, Henry Seymour, born in 1847. The Allens of Cresselly, according to the "County Families," are a younger branch of the Allens of Dale Castle, Pembrokeshire.

## THE REV. JOHN HILTON.

On Friday, the 15th instant, at Sarre Court, near Margate, Kent, aged 68, the Rev. John Hilton, of that place. He was the eldest son of the late John Hilton, Esq., of Lords, near Faversham, Kent, by Eleanor, daughter of Thomas Cobb, Esq., of Sheildwich, in the same county, and was born at Lords in 1792. He was educated at the Rev. Charles Burney's, D.D., at Greenwich, and graduated, at University College, Oxford, B.A. in 1814, and M.A. in 1822. He was appointed, in 1833, Vicar of St. Nicholas at Wade, Thanet, to which parish the hamlet of Sarre is annexed. He was a magistrate for Kent and for the Cinque Ports. He married, in 1818, Mary Elizabeth, only surviving daughter, and eventual heir of Thomas Denne, Esq., of Sarre Court, by whom he has left issue three sons, and one daughter, married to Rev. Rennell Francis Wynn Molesworth, of Bettleshanger, Kent. One son is Rector of Orlingbury, near Wellingborough, Northamptonshire (a living in his father's gift); another is Perpetual Curate of St. John's, Hillingdon, near Uxbridge; and the other is M.B. of Caius College, Cambridge. He is succeeded in the estate of Sarre Court, after the decease of his widow, by the heir of his eldest son, John Denne Hilton, deceased, who was born in 1820; and married, in 1844, Elizabeth Frances, only surviving sister of Robert Steer Johnson, Esq., of Temple Belwood, near Epworth, Lincolnshire. Hilton Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the Hiltons, according to the "History of Durham," is situated in a pleasant vale, on the north side of the river Wear, about three miles from Wearmouth. This family were in possession of the manor as early as the time of King Athelstan, and continued seized till the year 1746, when John Hilton, Esq., the last male heir, died, having previously bequeathed his estates to his nephew, Sir Richard Musgrave, of Hayton Castle, Cumberland. This gentleman died in 1755; but the castle and nearly all the estates had before been sold, under a legal decree, to discharge the debts of Mr. Hilton. Afterwards, in 1758, the castle and manor of Hilton, with other lands, were purchased by Mrs. Bowes of Gibside, and mother of the late celebrated Countess of Strathmore, whose descendants are still owners. In a manuscript account, several names occur in the pedigree of the Hiltons, remarkable for their learning and piety; but those highly renowned for their martial deeds are innumerable. War seems to have been their peculiar genius and recreation, nor has any family been more lavish of their blood in defence of their country's cause. Since the time of the Conqueror, it is remarked of the Hiltons that one was slain at Faversham, in Kent; one at Normandy; one at Mentz, in France; three in the Holy Wars under Richard I.; one in the same under Edward I.; three at the battle of Bordeaux under the Black Prince; one at Agincourt; two at Berwick-upon-Tweed against the Scots; two at the battle of St. Albans; five at Market Bosworth; and four at Flodden Field. This family were not only one of the most eminent, but also one of the most opulent in the bishopric of Durham.

## J. H. SOUTHBY, ESQ.

On Sunday, March 3rd, at Worcester College, Oxford, aged 21, after a few days' illness, John Hayward-Southby, Esq. He was the only son of Thomas Hayward-Southby, Esq., of Carswell, Berks (who assumed that name in lieu of his patronymic of Perfect, after his mother, who was the only daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Hayward, Knt., of Carswell), by Elizabeth, only daughter of C. St. Barbe, Esq., of Lymington, Hants. The gentleman so recently deceased was born in 1839.

## JOHN HENRY MANDEVILLE, ESQ.

On Saturday, the 16th inst., aged 87, at his residence, John Henry Mandeville, Esq., late Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic. Born in Suffolk, in 1773, and educated at Dedham School, Mr. Mandeville, was the senior surviving member of the diplomatic service. His long career embraced an extraordinary variety of accidents and events. As a boy he entered the navy; he subsequently held a commission in a dragoon regiment; he was selected to be the British Agent in France for the exchange of prisoners before the peace of Amiens; he was afterwards attached to Lord Whitworth's embassy at Paris, and acted as Secretary to Sir Arthur Paget, at Vienna, in 1805; and he afterwards served in the missions of Frankfort, Constantinople, Lisbon, Paris, &c. In 1835, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Buenos Ayres, where he remained for eleven years. "Mr. Mandeville's great experience of public affairs," says a writer in the *Times*, "and his memory, which extended over the greater part of a century, rendered him a most agreeable companion, and he continued to fill a distinguished place in society to the last day of his protracted life."

## E. PENRHYN, ESQ.

On Wednesday, the 6th instant, at his residence, East Sheen, near Richmond, Surrey, aged 66, Edward Penrhyn, Esq. He was, according to the "County Families," the eldest son of the late Rev. Oswald Leycester, younger brother of Ralph Leycester, Esq., of Toft Hall. He was born in 1794, and having finished his education at Eton, was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1817, and M.A. in 1820. In the former year he assumed, by royal licence, the surname and arms of Penrhyn, in lieu of his patronymic of Leycester, under the will of the late Lady Penrhyn. In 1823, he married Lady Charlotte Stanley, eldest daughter of Edward late Earl of Derby, and sister of the present Earl, but was left a widower in 1853. The deceased gentleman, who was for many years a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Surrey, is succeeded by his son, Edward Hugh Leycester Penrhyn, Esq., born in 1827, and married in 1853 to Miss Vere Gosling, daughter of Robert Gosling, Esq., of Botley's Park, Surrey.

## LADY KINLOCH.

On Sunday, the 10th inst., at Nice, aged 88, the Lady Kinloch. Her ladyship was the second wife of Sir David Kinloch, Bart., of Gilmerton, co. Midlothian, and was left his widow in 1795. The present Baronet is the only son of her ladyship's stepson, the late Sir Alexander Kinloch, by Isabella, daughter and co-heir of John Stowe, Esq., of Newton, Lincolnshire.

## MRS. GODSAL.

On Friday, the 1st inst., at Iscoyd Park, Flintshire, Charlotte Harriet, wife of Philip William Godsall, Esq., of that place. She was the eldest daughter of the late Captain Thomas Garth, R.N., of Haines Hill, Berks, by a daughter of the late General Maitland, and sister of the present Thomas Colleton Garth, Esq., of Haines Hill. She married, in 1847, Philip Wm. Godsall, Esq., of Iscoyd Park (maternal grandson of the late Lord Kenyon), who served the office of High Sheriff of Flintshire in 1859, and by whom she has issue.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Right Hon. Maria, Dowager Countess of Haddington, of Tyningham House, near Preston Kirk, N.B., and of 43, Berkeley-square, who died on the 11th of February, had executed her will on the 8th of June last, appointing as her executors George William Hope, Esq., M.P., of Lufness, Haddingtonshire, and Rear-Admiral W. A. B. Hamilton, who duly proved the same in her Majesty's Court of Probate on the 18th of March. The personal property in the United Kingdom was sworn under £20,000. This lady is highly descended and highly connected, being the daughter and only child of the fourth Earl of Macclesfield, and married in 1802 the late Earl of Haddington, K.T., late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who died in 1858. Her ladyship has bequeathed her property, which consisted both of realty and personalty, as under:—To Commander Thomas Drake, R.N., who is a member of her family, the countess has bestowed her leasehold residence in Berkeley-square, in which is included this singular bequest,—that a clock which was let into the wall of her ladyship's sleeping-apartment should also pass into this officer's possession. To Captain Cospatrick Hamilton, R.N., she leaves the sum of £2,000; and there are several legacies and bequests to various personal friends and others. The realty and residue of the personalty is given to Rear-Admiral Hamilton, who is appointed residuary legatee. There are legacies left to her coachman of £200, and £50 to her cook; also the very liberal sum of £1,000 to the Society for Destitute and Homeless Children in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields: this bequest is accompanied with a very singular direction—that it shall be applied for the benefit of the boys only, and not for the girls. This aged lady, who attained to her 80th year, left no issue.

The Very Rev. Thomas Hill Peregrine Furye Lowe, D.D., Dean and Canon of Exeter, died at the Cathedral Close in that city, on the 17th of January last, in his 80th year, having made his will on the 31st of May, 1858, which was proved in London on the 11th of this month by his brother, Colonel Arthur Charles Lowe, and the testator's son, the Rev. George Lowe, Vicar of Upper Ottrey, Devon, the executors. The personalty was sworn under £25,000. Dr. Lowe inherited the family estates at the early age of 17. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Oxford, and having qualified himself for the Church, was ordained a deacon in 1808, and successively held some church livings prior to his elevation to the Deanery of Exeter, in 1839, having been made a Canon of that diocese in 1832. The Dean has left a large family. His eldest son, the Rev. George Lowe, succeeds his father as heir to the freehold estates. The testator disposes of his personal property amongst his sons and daughters, bequeathing his funded property amongst them generally in various amounts, and disposing of the residue of his personal and leasehold estates amongst his four unmarried daughters. Dr. Lowe has held the deanery for the period of 22 years, and was the author of several theological works.

Charles Lee, Esq., of Grosvenor-place, Hyde-park, died at Brighton on the 17th of last month. His will was proved in London on the 13th instant. The executors and trustees therein appointed are his relict, and his eldest son, the Rev. Augustus Charles Lee. The personal property was sworn under £18,000. This is the will of a private gentleman, well connected and of handsome fortune, which consists of realty as well as personal property. He has bequeathed to his relict, under trust, the interest, dividends, and income accruing from his entire property for her life, and on her decease, or marrying again, it is to devolve to his children, both principal and interest, in equal shares amongst them. The testator also bequeaths to his relict the plate, furniture, library, carriages, and other effects, absolutely. The will bears date the 6th of November, 1857.

William David Lewis, Esq., Q.C., of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and of Kensington-square, South, died on the 24th of January last. His will was proved in London, on the 12th of March, by his brother, Charles Edward Lewis, Esq., and his relict, the joint executors. This gentleman was educated for the legal profession, and was called to the Bar, and practised as an equity draughtsman and conveyancer. Mr. Lewis had been very desirous of becoming a member of Parliament, and had expended, as he expresses with regret in his will, large sums to attain that object; but he was unsuccessful in all his attempts, and this great outlay necessarily precluded him from providing in a manner more consonant with his feelings and wishes for those near and dear to him. Mr. Lewis introduces his will with these words, "Non omnis moriar." To his relict he leaves all his real and personal estate absolutely, with the exception of some pecuniary legacies and bequests of small amount, and appoints her residuary legatee, having first bequeathed his law library and other books in certain portions between his son, William Arnold Lewis, and his (the testator's) brother, Charles Edward Lewis. The testator was the author of a work on Perpetuities, with a supplement attached: the copyright of this production he also leaves to his son. Mr. Lewis expresses a desire that certain presentation plate which had been given to his father by the congregation at Ramsgate, under his father's ministry, should, on the decease of his mother, descend to his brother Charles, and, after his brother's decease, to the testator's son, William Arnold Lewis.

The Right Hon. Isabella Handcock Baroness Harris, of Waterstown, Ireland, and Onslow-square, St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, who died on the 10th of January last, in her 57th year, made her will in November, 1846, being the year following the decease of her husband. Her ladyship's will was proved in London on the 22nd of March, by the Right Hon. George Francis Robert Baron Harris (her stepson), the sole executor. This lady is the relict of General Lord Harris, the eldest son of the first Lord Harris, the commander-in-chief at the capture of Seringapatam, and who subjugated the territories of that ruthless tyrant, Tippoo-Saib, to the British sway; for this and other eminent services he was created a peer. The will of her ladyship is very brief, and, with one or two exceptions, confined entirely to the members of her family. To her eldest son, Robert Temple Harris-Temple, Esq., who assumed that surname on inheriting the estates of his maternal grandfather, her ladyship has bequeathed her library in her residences, whether in England or in Ireland. There are other specific bequests, consisting of jewellery, &c., which she has left to her two sons and daughter, appointing as her residuary legatees her youngest son, Lieut. Arthur Ernest Harris, and her daughter Louisa Matilda, wife of the Hon. Richard Handcock, eldest son of Lord Castlemaine. The Baroness makes a singular direction with respect to her late husband's watch and a chrysophae suite, and other articles of jewellery, which are to be sold, and the proceeds applied for the benefit of the poorest families in Waterstown.

Robert Anwyl, Esq., of Bala, Merionethshire, whose will bears date the 16th of January, 1854, was proved in London on the 15th of March, being upwards of two years after the death of the testator, by his relict, the sole executrix, who is since re-married. This gentleman possessed estates in various

parishes in the county of Merioneth. He has bequeathed to his relict his personal property, excepting the leasehold estates; he also gives her the furniture and certain other effects absolutely, but the library and plate she is only to possess for life. He bequeaths his freehold and leasehold property, in trust, for the benefit of his son, Rice Owen Anwyl, a minor, with directions that the yearly sum of £100 may be expended upon his maintenance and education till he arrives at the age of twelve years, and after that period the sum of £300 per annum is to be devoted to those objects until he reaches his majority, but in the event of his decease prior thereto, the income arising from the property is to devolve to his mother, the testator's relict, for life only, and upon her decease the estates are to descend in different proportions to the testator's two nephews, Robert Townsend Passingham, and Augustus Anwyl Passingham, Esqrs.

Lancelot Chambers, Esq., of Morden, Surrey, died on the 21st of February last, possessed of personalty and realty, the former was sworn as under £14,000. His will bears date the 23rd of March, 1858, and a codicil executed last year. The executors appointed are Richard Charles Mellish, Esq., of Eaton-place, Belgrave-square, the Rev. George Rolleston, M.A., Vicar of Maltby, Yorkshire, and Thomas E. P. Lefroy, Esq., Barrister of the Temple. Mr. Chambers has left his entire property, both real and personal, with some few exceptions, to his daughter and only child, secured to her in trust; but in the event of any contingency occurring, the principal part thereof is to pass to a daughter of the testator's cousin, the Rev. G. Rolleston. There are some legacies and an annuity to distant relatives and friends, including bequests of £200 to each of his executors, and legacies to his servants.

## Reviews of Books.

## ANNAHUAC.\*

PERSONS from the country, who come to London for a few days, often learn more of its sights during their brief sojourn, than their city friends have done in the course of a lifetime. So it is with travellers who make a hurried tour to distant regions. Before leaving England they study the natural history, geography, and politics of the country they are about to visit, and on reaching their destination, they hunt out all that should be seen and described with a perseverance unknown to those permanently engaged on the spot in business or official pursuits. Mr. Tylor spent only four months in Mexico, and yet he has produced a well written, lively, amusing, and instructive work, giving a most vivid idea of this singular country, and the manners of its inhabitants.

Our traveller arrived at Vera Cruz in the month of March, 1856. He proceeded thence without delay to the city of Mexico. After making excursions to the silver mines of Real del Monte, the obsidian quarries of Cerro de Travajos, the cave of Cacahuamilpan, and the summit of Popocatepetl, the loftiest mountain in North America, he returned to Vera Cruz, and re-embarked for England in the following June.

The surface of Mexico consists of lofty volcanic ridges, covered with bare fields of lava, not yet old enough to have been disintegrated, lying among the hills like so many lakes, forming elevated table-lands of flat alluvial expanses and of narrow skirts of lowland, which bound the shores of the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. The mineral wealth of Mexico is very great, the chief product of the country being its dollars. The silver, not the vegetable products of the soil, pays for the Manchester and Glasgow goods, the woollens, hardwares, boxes of *sardines à l'huile*, and the other articles which are imported annually from Europe to the value of £5,000,000 sterling.

The great elevation of the Mexican table-lands has an important influence upon the climate, the low plains of the sea-board having the high temperature of the tropics, while they have the climate of a perpetual summer. The plants cultivated in the hot region are cotton and the sugar-cane; in the cold region maize. Tortillas are prepared of bruised Indian corn, in much the same way that cakes or "bannocks" are made of oatmeal in Scotland. The *Agave Americana*, or *Aloe*, is extensively cultivated in Mexico, in order to extract its juice, which, fermented, takes the place of our beer, and is extensively drunk under the name of *pulque*. Mr. Tylor thought both tortillas and pulque "dreadfully nasty" for a day or two after his arrival—then he could just endure them. Before he left the country, he wondered how he should do without them.

The population of the republic amounts to about seven millions; one-half of these are Indians, the remaining half may be divided almost equally between the creoles, or persons of pure Spanish descent, and the metizos, or mixed races. Slavery has been abolished in Mexico, yet there exists a curious "domestic institution," termed *peonaje*, which is closely akin to it, the latter being the state of subjection to which a debtor is reduced by Mexican law when he owes money and cannot pay it. His creditor is in such cases allowed to make him his slave or "peon" until the debt is liquidated. In the neighbourhood of Puebla the Indian labourers are very generally in this condition. They are never able to work off their debts, wasting, as they do, all they gain in the purchase of wax candles and rockets for Easter and All Saints, and in the reckless profusion of drunken feasts on saints' days and on the occasion of births, deaths, and marriages. The feeble knowledge they possess of arithmetic leaves them quite helpless in the hands of the creole bookkeepers. As might be expected, they bear the Spaniards a bitter grudge. The doctrine of "America for the Americans" is rapidly spreading among them, and active emissaries are now going about among them, reminding them that the white man only got their lands by the right of the strong, and that the time has come for a re-assertion of their own rights.

Mr. Tylor saw little of the metizos, and what little he did see was not calculated to give him a favourable impression of their character and habits. They form a very turbulent population in the city of Mexico. They are always armed with a knife, or at least with a bit of iron hoop tempered and put in a handle. During the holy week they spend their whole time in drinking pulque, gambling, and quarrelling, and the number of murders committed at this time is incredible. On Palm Sunday Mr. Tylor saw fourteen dead bodies brought to the police-office at Mexico, each having been murdered separately.

The creoles, the third class into which the population is divided, monopolize all the wealth of Mexico, the fortunes of some of the great mining speculators even exceeding those of the wealthiest English or Russian capitalists. The unequal distribution of wealth calls into existence parasitical classes of a disreputable kind, who leave the whole of Mexican society. Here is the author's description of an interview with a Mexican gentleman living by his wits:—

"A well dressed Mexican turned up at the landing-place, wanting a passage, and as we had taken a canoe for ourselves, we offered to let him come with us. He was a well-bred young man, speaking one or two languages besides his own; and he presently informed us he was going on a visit to a rich old lady at Tezozco, whose name was Donna Maria Lopez. At the Casa Grande

\* Annahuac. By Edward B. Tylor. London: Longman & Co., Paternoster-row. 1861.

our friends laughed at us immensely when we told them of the incident, and offered us twenty to one that he would come to ask for money within twenty-four hours. He came the same evening, and brought a wonderful story about his passport not being *en règle*, and that unless we could lend him ten dollars to bribe the police, he should be in a dreadful scrape. We referred him to the master of the house, who said something to him which caused him to depart precipitately. We made inquiries about him in the town, and it appeared that his expedition to Tezozco was improvised when he saw us going down to the boat, and of course the visit to the rich old lady was purely imaginary. Now this youth was not more than eighteen, and looked and spoke like a gentleman. The class he belonged to is to be counted rather by thousands than by hundreds in Mexico."

The border ruffian of Kansas is, according to Mr. Tylor, a good fellow in comparison with these well-dressed polite scoundrels, "who could have given Fielding a hint or two he would have been glad of for the character of Mr. Jonathan Wild and his friend the count." They cannot be said to form a distinct class, like the English swell mob; they blend imperceptibly into all the other classes of the community.

Political adventurers of all kinds swarm in Mexico. It is they who get up the pronunciamientos and counter-pronunciamientos which distract the country. Mexican factions do not fight out their quarrels. War is brought to a close in almost all cases by an amalgamation of the rebels with the regular troops of the Government. Hence the preposterous number of officers who are entitled to draw pay, and who eat up the revenues of the state. The army numbers 12,000 men and 2,000 officers—that is, six men to each officer.

The histrionic element in the Roman Catholic ritual, as might have been expected, receives undue prominence in Mexico. Finding, doubtless, that the Indians are inattentive to their sermons, the clergy indulge them with an occasional dance in lieu thereof, a custom justified, it is said, by the solemn Advent dances of the Spanish cathedrals. The author on one occasion saw the ceremony performed. The church had been cleared. An old man arrived with a harp, and a woman with a fiddle. Then came eight Indian boys and as many Indian girls.

"They stationed themselves," he says, "in the middle of the church, opposite the high altar, and to our unspeakable astonishment began to dance the polka. Then came a waltz, then a schottische, then another waltz, and finally a quadrille, set to unmuted English tunes. They danced exceedingly well, and behaved as though they had been used to European ball-rooms all their lives. The spectators contemplated the scene as though it were a matter of course for these brown-skinned boys and girls to have acquired so singular an accomplishment in their out-of-the-way village among the mountains. As for us, we looked on in open-mouthed astonishment; and when, in the middle of the quadrille, the harp and violin struck up no less a tune than 'The King of the Cannibal Islands,' we could hardly help bursting out into fits of laughter."

Mr. Tylor gives a dreadful account of the morals of the Mexican clergy. The profession is in such bad odour that many fathers of families, though good Catholics, will not allow a priest to enter their houses. All who have read of Mexican revolutions have heard of the fueros. These are the privileges which soldiers and priests have of being tried by their own tribunals, and of repudiating the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. The consequences may be easily conceived. They enable the two disreputable classes we have just described to escape payment of debts and punishment for offences to an extent of which the author gives curious examples. In the end of 1855, the Mulatto General, Alvarez, resigned the Presidency to Don Ignacio Comonfort. The new chief magistrate found it necessary to secure popularity, and with this purpose he attacked the fueros. The clergy, when they discovered what he was aiming at, set up Don Antonio Haro y Tameraz, at Puebla, the second city of the republic and the ecclesiastical capital. The war was going on when Mr. Tylor reached Mexico. It was terminated during his stay. The newspapers stated that 2,500 men had fallen in the final engagement; but those who knew what had taken place assured Mr. Tylor that twenty-five was nearer the number, the war being really brought to a close by negotiation and bribery.

While Mexico is a prey to civil war the tide of American civilization is rapidly setting towards the frontier. Gentlemen, with whom the author is acquainted, in the hope that the Republic will shortly become a dependency of the United States, have bought land in the northern provinces by the hundred square leagues, and can point out patches on the map of the world as large as Scotland or Ireland which represent their private property. There can be little doubt that the event on which their speculations are based is now more probable than it was. When it does occur, the author thinks that it will bring with it roads and railways, some security for life and property, a rapidly increasing population, and a thousand advantages both to the country itself and the world at large.

#### PHRENOLOGY.\*

WHEN the Roman Empire lay in undisputed sovereignty and unruffled calm on the face of the world, its days were numbered, and the overgrown bubble was ready to burst. Phrenology reigns supreme. From the drawing-room to the pantry, from the university to the parish school, few are found who dare deny the supremacy of the mighty system of brain-bumps. If it is less talked of, it is only that people are less inclined to dispute it. But the days of phrenology, too, are numbered. The knowledge of the brain and nervous system has arrived at a point when it no longer requires to be a professed anatomist to see the absurdity of the system; and any unprejudiced man of ordinary education may convince himself, by common inspection of the books within his reach, that the entire system of phrenology is as much a delusion in its way as table-turning, spirit-rapping, and other juggleries.

That phrenology has done some good in its day, we will not deny. It has undoubtedly prepared men to consider the brain in its true light,—as the great seat and organ of all the phenomena constituting mind. Mr. Bain, indeed, in his fine contribution to mental science, has exhaustively shown that not the brain merely, but all the nervous dependencies of the brain, in fact, that the whole of the nervous system is concerned in the operations of thought and feeling. Nevertheless, it is a great step towards knowledge to understand that the brain, and not the heart, as some moderns think, or the liver, as the ancients thought, is the true seat of emotion no less than of thought; and for the general inculcation of this truth we are doubtless indebted to phrenology. The solitary grain of gold was covered over with cartloads of dross—or, as an energetic friend of ours is pleased to express it, with "tons of bosh;"—but there was one grain of gold for which we were thankful, and which we earnestly hope soon to see delivered from the superincumbent weight of rubbish.

Phrenology may be refuted from any one of three classes of considerations, each of which, however, lends strength to the other two. The first is the arbitrary nature of the phrenologist's classification of the mental faculties themselves. Were the various classifications not in themselves absurd, and logically repugnant, still their adaptation to the divisions of the brain would remain purely hypothetical. But when we come to inspect the brain, we find that the divisions alleged in no wise exist, and that while the phrenologists are busy admeasuring

\* "The Senses and the Intellect." "The Will and the Emotions." By Alexander Bain, M.A. London: Parker, Strand.

the chalky concretions on the skull, the outside of the skull does not correspond to the internal brain. This brings us to the second class of considerations, namely, the brain itself, the slightest knowledge of which is sufficient to show that there is no real foundation in its structure for the absurd theory of bumps. The third and most interesting class of facts adverse to phrenology, is derived from a comparison of the nervous systems of the animal creation with that of man, otherwise called the comparative anatomy of the nervous system; the results of which show the entire futility of phrenology. Before, however, we proceed with the first, let us say once for all, that however strongly we may speak of the wonderful absurdities of phrenology itself, we intend not the slightest disparagement of the many thousands, not to say millions, who believe in it. It was no disgrace to believe that the sun turned round the earth, until the contrary was proved. Still it was somewhat plausible to begin with, and there it is. The majority had no access to anatomical books. Even physicians were taken by storm. Some few were vanquished. Most of them resisted, and lent a recalcitrant ear to the phrenological prophets. But it is not to be wondered at that unprofessional men, without brains at their disposal to inspect, and without scientific training, should be cozened by a plausible confusion between physiognomy and phrenology, and overcome by the bare-faced and conceited lies of men who pretended by a great array of compasses applied to men's heads, to tell the contents, which they had never really studied. Thus Gall, the author of the doctrine, who professes to have studied the brains of all the mammalia from the mouse to the elephant, is content with mapping out their skulls. Their brains he has not described. He has left no account of the convolutions peculiar to the different species of animals. His whole system is one of craniometry, a branch in reality of physiognomy, and no more necessarily connected with the moral and mental working or constitution of the inner brain, than are the chalky deposits upon a gouty man's joints. Of course, when he talked of having examined all these skulls, people in general, with no very definite notion between a skull and a brain, took it for granted he had examined everything that ought to be examined.

"The hearers of the case became repeaters,  
Then advocates, abettors, judges;  
Some for amusement, others for old grudges."

Perhaps, however, the most marvellous part of phrenology is the classification of mental faculties to which it has given rise, with which we propose to begin. We follow the popular edition of the diagrams in the shop-windows, representing a head containing thirty-five pictures, designed to impress upon the minds of inquirers the functions and natural language of the organs. For instance: "Firmness is depicted by an obstinate donkey;" "Self-esteem, by a proud peacock;" "Sublimity, by the Niagara falls;" "Causality, by Newton philosophising on the falling of an apple." Again, we are told that "A—Matrimony," is "an organ which is entirely suggested by Fowler and Wells, the American phrenologists, and they consider it established by their experience. In the English busts it is part of "Adhesiveness;" also, that "B—Sublimity," was suggested by Combe and confirmed by Fowler. Now, in the thirty-five faculties enumerated, beginning with Amativeness, and ending with causality, we find, for instance,—

"AMATIVENESS—The passion of love and attraction between the sexes as such.  
PHILOPROGENITIVENESS—Parental love, love for pets, animals, &c. &c.  
SELF-ESTEEM—Self-respect, &c. &c.  
VENERATION—Worship of God, feeling of devotion and respect, &c. &c."

If, on opening a brain, it appeared that there is a part of the substance corresponding to such qualities, we should not be at liberty to quarrel with facts; but there is no such difference of substance in the brain: the utmost care has not been able to detect the slightest difference in the nervous tissue, beyond the two main divisions of white matter and gray matter, which prevails throughout the whole nervous system. The substance of the brain in the head is the same as in the fingers or the toes. Such being the case, the above divisions of the faculties are mere metaphysical preconceptions, extemporized apart from any knowledge of the brain, and applied at random, according to the fancy of the phrenological juggler. Take, for instance, the supposed bumps of amativeness and philoprogenitiveness. In these there is clearly a common notion, "love"—love of something or other. Therefore, in both bumps there must be a common substance, viz. answering to love. To make this very clear we subjoin the following diagrams, which we suppose to represent amativeness and philoprogenitiveness; thus,—

A—	AMATIVENESS = Love + Idea of Sex.	PHILOPROGENITIVENESS = Love + Parental Idea.	B—
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But it immediately follows that if two separate bumps—bump A and bump B—can have a common quality, "love," then the whole system of bumps falls to the ground, being needless. For here is a cardinal mental faculty—Love, which, according to phrenology, is a stranger on the face of the brain, having no bump of its own, but living from hand to mouth in other bumps; now with bump "Sex," now with bump "Father—son," then with bump "Pet," &c., &c.

On the other hand, let us adopt the other supposition. Let us suppose that the phrenologists are mistaken in their arrangement, and that love has a bump of its own, as in the following scheme:—

SEX.	LOVE.	PARENTS.
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In this case love lives alone in the abstract, in the dark, as in the fable, without eyes to see, until evoked by other bumps. Thus when bump "Parent" is to be set in motion (and query, how?—but we pass on), it must telegraph to bump "Love" to send it a little of that quality to mix with the quality "Parent," thereby making the admirable compound known in phrenology by the name of "Philoprogenitiveness." Can anything be much more absurd? This argument can be applied to almost every set of faculties throughout the phrenological list. Thus we have the bumps of "Form" and "Music," and a separate bump of "Ideality,"—as if it were possible that "ideality" (whatever that may mean, according to the toothless jargon of phrenology), could exist separately from "music" and "form." How can "music," in fact, exist without "ideality?" how can "ideality" exist without "form?" Either, then, "ideality" is already contained in bump "Form" and bump "Music," or "form" and "music" are not what they are. And so throughout the whole list of faculties.

We purpose to continue the subject on a future occasion. At present we will only venture one more observation upon the classification of the phrenologists to which this article has been mainly devoted. If qualities are located in and due to bumps, how is it that opposite qualities are the result of identical substance? Thus, "Adhesiveness" is intended by the phrenologists to be the opposite of "Combativeness," as love is of hatred. Is there any antagonism between their representative substances in the brain? Why, on opening the brain at those spots, is the substance identically the same? How is it that the

substance of the brain is identically the same for "Constructiveness" and "Destructiveness," for "Acquisitiveness" and a faculty which the phrenologists do not mention, but with which, though the phrenologists are not much acquainted, we cannot plead our ignorance—"Alienativeness"! We leave these elementary questions to the reader, with a gentle suggestion to repair at once to some phrenological lion and ask him the question in all simplicity.

TRANSLATIONS BY LORD LYTTELTON AND THE RIGHT HON.  
W. E. GLADSTONE.\*

SOME one-and-twenty years ago, and on the same day, Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Gladstone married two sisters, daughters of a Welsh Baronet; and "in memoriam" of their joint nuptials they have recently given to the world a small volume of their *lusus juveniles*—their *lata παρόπετρα*, uttered mostly on the banks of the Thames at Eton, or on those of the Isis and the Cam. It contains a variety of translations into Latin and Greek verse from the pens of both authors, besides some translations from *Æschylus*, Homer, Horace, Catullus, Dante, and Schiller, by Mr. Gladstone.

The scholarship which these translations display is for the most part of a high order, even measured by the Etonian standard. Eton has always been the nursery of scholars and of gentlemen—not of learned pedagogues, and of dull, heavy, plodding lexicographers, but of men who have taken pleasure as amateurs in the cultivation of the more light and graceful elegancies of the classic muse, and who have made it the business and study of the second decade of their lives to elaborate Latin verses which may well pass for those of Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, and Greek verses which shall rival *Æschylus*, Sophocles, Euripides, and indeed every Hellenic poet—except the unapproachable Homer. It is this school of classic elegance which reared many of the leading statesmen of the Georgian era—Lord Wellesley, Lord Colchester, Lord Grenville, and George Canning, and, to pass to a more recent date, Lords Derby and Carlisle. Half a century ago it was all but a moral certainty that any young nobleman who went to Oxford and obtained the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse would see himself one day, if not Premier, at least Lord President of the Council, and utterly impossible for him to fail of becoming a member of the Cabinet; and even at the present day the prestige of a high university reputation for scholarship is no bar in the way of promotion to the well-born and well-bred senator.

Mr. Gladstone's fame as a public man is too well known to need even a passing allusion here. Lord Lyttelton, too, is a man of far more than average ability and high standing in the House of Peers, though he has never held any official post. He is a moderate High Churchman, anxious to accomplish the works which the Duke of Marlborough has so much at heart, in the way of subdividing our bishoprics and our parishes, only on a more strictly ecclesiastical plan, and of restoring the synodal action of the Convocation of the Established Church. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Lyttelton were schoolfathers at Eton, the former being somewhat senior to the latter; and while Mr. Gladstone took the highest classical honours at Oxford, Lord Lyttelton, conjointly with Dr. Vaughan, the late Head-Master of Harrow, gained the very first place in the classical tripos at the sister university; so that they may well stand for types of their respective Alma Mater.

Many of the poems of both the one and the other writer, however, are far more recent in point of composition, some bearing the date of 1859 and 1860; and one cannot but wonder how even so laborious and versatile an individual as the Chancellor of the Exchequer can possibly find time, amongst all his financial business, for the pleasant task of fitting English poetry to the classic metres of ancient Rome and Greece.

One or two of Lord Lyttelton's poems, we believe, have already appeared in the *Arundines Cani*; at all events, we think that we recognise an old acquaintance in a portion of his lordship's translation of Tennyson's "Ænone"—a poem which we can never tire of reading in the English, and of which we have here one of the closest, and yet most truly classical and idiomatic versions. What, for instance, can be more thoroughly after the style of Virgil's Eclogues than the following translation? We give the English first:—

"O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
I waited underneath the dawning hills,  
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,  
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine :  
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,  
Leading jet-black goat, white horn'd, white hoof'd,  
Came up from reedy Simois all alone."

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine, mater!  
Ida mea, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.  
Suspiciens montes incertæ luce rubentes  
Et gelido pinus suffusa rora, sedebam :  
Cum Paris, ah! nimium pulchri sub tegmine vultus,  
Turpia corda tovens, alib et cornibus hircum  
Insignis pedibusque adducent, cetera nigrum,  
Solu arundineæ venit Simoëns ab unda."

Here the eight lines of English are turned into eight Latin lines—in itself no slight achievement when the tendency of all translations to prolixity is taken into account—and that, too, without the omission of the equivalent to a single idea. The rhythm and flow, too, of the lines are peculiarly those of the Eclogues rather than the *Aeneid*, as witness the occurrence of two couplets, and the insertion of the words "mors advenit" in a parenthesis.

Lord Lyttelton, too, is equally fortunate in his rendering of English into Greek. We would instance his Anapaestic version of the well known lines from Milton's "Comus,"—

"The star that bids the shepherd fold,"—

as quite a pattern of good taste and skill. It flows easily and uninterruptedly, just like a chorus of Euripides. His rendering of Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters" into the Greek hexameter betrays a mind thoroughly versed in the style of Homer's "Odyssey."

The greater part of Mr. Gladstone's translations are from the Greek and Latin into English: indeed, he gives us only three sets of Latin and one of Greek verse; but these are far from being as free from faults as those of his brother-in-law from Cambridge. His Homeric hexameters (p. 141), when compared with Lord Lyttelton's, strike us as heavy, and they labour under the fault of devoting eleven lines of Greek to express ideas which the English poet keeps within the compass of eight. In the first line of his version of "Bishop Heber's Verses to his Wife," we detect a "false quantity" (to use the old public-school phrase), the word "modo" being never used, that we are aware of, by good writers with its last syllable long. In the next stanza we should have thought that, if the Eton grammar be an authority on the subject of compound verbs, "latus" ought to have been "lateri" when governed by "assideres." In

\* Translations by Lord Lyttelton and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Bernard Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly. 1861.

the next stanza we fail to detect the meaning or force of "licet otiosus," nor can we justify to ourselves the use of the future or the subjunctive (for it must be the one or the other) in the word "requiram." To us the English,

"I miss thee at the dawning day," seems to demand the indicative present, "requiro." We doubt, too, whether Mr. Gladstone will find in Horace any precedent for the rhythm of

"Te petam desiderio fidei."

Be this, however, as it may, we would ask him whether he has any authority for his use of "diēi"? We certainly can recollect one instance in Horace where the penult of the genitive of a substantive of the fifth declension is short,

"Contempsa dominus splendidior rōi,"

and we can recall scores of instances where the penult and ultima are contracted by the poets into one syllable, as

"Libra die somnique pares" (VIRGIL),

"Constantis juvæm fide" (HORACE):

but, after the strictest inquiry, we can find no justification of Mr. Gladstone's diēi in writers of the Augustan era. The last stanza in the book, too, strikes us as very dull and prosy, and sadly wanting in that epigrammatic sparkle which almost always characterizes the conclusion of every ode of Horace.

"Bombace turre, rutilo per sequor,

"O diem faustum! O bona fata, quando

"Conjuges, lati manus repremissa

"Limen inibunt."

The date (1859) subjoined to this translation may perhaps explain these defects—we will not call them blunders. The details of the paper duty, and other prosaic matters, may well have dulled the ear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the niceties of that classical taste which marks the lines dated 1831, and even those of 1848. The latter, a translation of Toplady's well-known hymn, beginning "Rock of ages, rent for me," we should make no scruple of transferring entire to our columns, as a most happy imitation of many of the rhyming hymns to be found in the books of devotion of the Roman Catholic Church, had not these remarks already approached too closely the fullest limits of an ordinary notice. Even here, however, in future editions, Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, will do well to follow the common usage, by making the vocative of "Jesus" "Jesu:" a moment's reflection will remind him that in the Greek it is *Iησοῦ*, not *Iησον*.

HEREFORDIA.\*

A POEM intended to celebrate the beauties, and record the fame of "the worthies" of Herefordshire. In such a composition the two main ingredients to be looked for are accuracy of description and faithfulness in details. With these requisites Mr. James has strictly complied. He has written pretty verses, he has illustrated his volume with well-executed engravings, and he has enriched it with valuable historical notes. If he is proud of Herefordshire, the people of Herefordshire ought in return to be proud that amongst the natives of the county is one so accomplished as a verse-writer, and so diligent both as a genealogist and antiquarian.

We have but one regret to express upon a perusal of this volume, and that is the scant notice given of St. Ethelbert, a picture of whose shrine forms the fitting frontispiece to the book. The life of St. Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, is a thrilling romance of the dark ages. If Mr. James had consulted the pages of the old monastic writers—if he had looked to the "Decem Scriptores," "William of Malmesbury," and "Matthew of Paris," he would have discovered there, and already prepared to his hand, one of the most tragic tales that ever yet has been told by troubadour or sung by bard. We behold there combined together, as in an ancient tragic drama, the ambition of Offa, the perfidy of Quendrida, the noble generosity of Ethelbert, the love and grief of Elfrida—of her who was afterwards a recluse of Croyland,—and with these the doom and death of Quendrida, and the vengeance of Heaven pursuing the ambitious Offa in his grave! Here was a subject, not for a little ballad such as Mr. James has written, but a theme worthy of an epic poem; and it has been lost, not because a poet was wanting, but because the fitting diligence of a pains-taking antiquarian investigator had not been exercised!

"Herefordia" is a beautiful volume, and from the manner in which it is printed and illustrated, independent of its intrinsic merits both in prose and poetry, peculiarly fitted for the drawing-room.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE.†

THE great evil of great books has been so long verging on atrophy, and the daily tramp of the press so steadily encroaching upon the fruits of matured thought, that we feel tempted to view with greater indulgence, than we otherwise might, Mr. Louis's discussions upon national policy. But really, with all due respect to Mr. Maurice, we are already beginning to smart under the effect of his excommunication of "Wedom." "Wedom" may be bad enough. If profound moralists in quest of originality choose to turn their magnifying apparatus upon what, in the origin, was but a formula of politeness and the abnegation of egotism, they need not be disturbed at the enormities they discover. But even granting all the sins, metaphysical and moral, imputed to "Wedom," what are they in comparison with an overgrown "Idom"? Surely Mr. Maurice must feel, when he reads the discussions upon national policy with which Mr. Louis has favoured us, that nothing will atone for the hypertrophied "Ego," which swells page after page of loquacious ineloquent books. An occasional frank and manly exhibition of individuality is all very well in its place, but a nauseous "I" twice in one place, three times in another, all the way through 381 pages, which purpose to be a masculine discussion of English policy, and not an autobiography nor a series of friendly confidences, is enough to warn us of the fate we may expect, if "Idom" is permitted to drive "Wedom" from its modesty. On beholding a good honest volume, in fine large print, upon our national policy, we almost congratulated ourselves and the author without knowing him; but after five pages of "I speak," "I discuss," "I do not think," "I think," "I desire," "I do not desire," "but I fear," "I call attention," "I hold," "as I hold," "as I shall contend," *ad infinitum*, we lose all sense of all policy, English, European, Asiatic, American, and Utopian, in the all-absorbing question, "who in the world is 'I'?"—"I am Mr. Louis;"—and who is Mr. Louis? Now it might seem from such a question, as if we cherished some secret spite against Mr. Louis, whereas, indeed, we know absolutely nothing of him but his book, which we opened in the most amiable spirit, until overborne by the crushing weight of his pronoun.

\* Herefordia. A Poem. By James Henry James, Middle Temple. London: Edward Lacey, 43, West Strand. 1861.

† England and Europe. A Discussion of National Policy. By Alfred H. Louis, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

Mr. Louis's views are exceedingly simple. Europe is in a state of transition, and "I fear" nobody has taken much pains to study the matter. The nation oscillates between frank acceptance of a stormy period before it, and the hankering belief in a coming millennium. "To this strange conflict of sentiment, this voluntary half-blindness," "I believe," "the novel and unhistorical notion of non-intervention" is owing. This is the key-note of the volume; and "it is my belief" that "the policy of non-intervention does, in fact, represent simply the abnegation of the national will." And "I propose to show" that "its adoption has been, in great part, directly due to the insidious policy of a foreign monarch." We all know who that is. If the dynasty of France remains unchanged, we should recommend an escutcheon with a black ground, yellow horns, a red tail, and a lurid tongue of flame, as the most appropriate heraldic device for that unhappy country. Be this as it may, we turn to the more important parts of the book.

Mr. Louis attributes the doctrine of non-intervention to a state of mental conflict between fear of war and love of peace; to an unwillingness to face "the iron facts of the time in all their hard significance;" in short, to a condition of intellectual confusion and political nakedness! In other words, he follows a large number of debaters in and out of the House of Commons, who seize upon a word coined for convenience, build with mushroom haste a magnificent generalization, and condemn others for their own theory. When Talleyrand was asked what was the meaning of "non-intervention," he answered, a metaphysical expression for "intervention!" If Lord John were asked what he meant by non-intervention, and if he chose to speak his mind, he would probably say that it means nothing more than the daily spreading doctrine of interfering as little as you can to carry certain desirable ends, and leaving things as much as possible to their own evolution. Mr. Louis has very high and chivalrous notions upon "national duty," moral right, and other fine sentiments, from which he deduces the necessity of political "freewill absolute," and the urgency of mapping out at once, and *a priori*, a plan of action and pre-determined policy. That is just what the country is most anxious to avoid. The great revolutionary wars were caused by the notion of the great duty of international meddling. The French had a mission and mighty propaganda, and we had a mission to oppose that mission.

After fifty years' reflection upon the portentous results of two such counter-missions, the English, for their parts, have quietly resolved to have no more missions, and this quiet resolution they call Non-intervention, namely, a wise abstention from all those stereotyped plans and *a priori* policies from which a country, sure of itself, and knowing its own heart, can reap infinite good and infinite harm.

There is a large and superficial class of writers who seem to imagine that they can pooh pooh the laws of the physical world, and emancipate moral force from the base thralldom of circumstance. It is easy enough to say Mr. Buckle has begun to write history "without men in it." Anybody can say as much with a very small outlay of intellect. But hitherto the cant and insincerity lies on the side of the "moralists," who in one column, while twitting the students of general causes and pointing to the "one man," whose finger on the trigger of the European mine electrifies us all, and in the other column by saying very quietly (having forgotten their part), "but, after all, if we want to understand the 'one man,' we must look to the 'state of the country.'" To our apprehension, the "state of a country," as influencing "one man," is the application of the very principle of "history without men in it" ridiculed by those who fall into it unconsciously themselves the moment they return to their ordinary methods of thinking.

Mr. Louis, like all writers who start with the foregone conclusion "that everybody is rushing to ruin, and nobody understands the matter," overlooks the one cardinal fact which truly explains most of the great political inconsistencies of the day. The truth is our creed is changed, and our habits are not. Political economy has demonstrated, that whatever does harm to your neighbour, does harm to yourself. What is bad for France is bad for England. Intellectually we believe this. We have not believed it long enough to affect our old habits of doing harm to others in order to do good to ourselves. When the theory is proposed to us, we admit it at once, and we propound it with our lips. But when practice arises, we lose sight of our lesson, and we do not yet know how to apply all the rules. Hence the oscillations which Mr. Louis attributes to want of moral purpose and to political nakedness. Our faith is displaced in the one cardinal axiom of mutual conduct. Formerly we were all waiting for some opportunity to cripple one another. We believed war to be immoral and wicked, but, if successful, highly profitable. Now the belief is exactly reversed. We are not at all sure that war is immoral. We are rather prone to think it a fine, invigorating, bracing exercise, in a moral point of view. But we are certain that it is always unprofitable, and only less unprofitable to the victor than the vanquished. With such a belief mathematically fixed in the head of most thinking men, no wonder if Europe is in a state of ferment. It is the most natural thing in the world, and is only to be remedied by patient practice, and not by preconceived modes of action. We already know more than we can deal with, and as usual we have far less to learn than to unlearn. The last thing a politician learns is to unlearn his theories. The sooner Mr. Louis unlearns his, the better for his books.

#### THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.—No. I.

The announcement of a new magazine to be conducted by Mrs. S. C. Hall, naturally excited a good deal of attention in the literary world. The works Mrs. S. C. Hall had previously published, the genius they exhibited, and the power with which they were written, had won for her universal admiration and respect. Books, composed by her in conjunction with her husband, had demonstrated her skill in uniting in the same page, brilliant thoughts and lively fancy with great learning, diligent research, and philosophic wisdom. A preliminary apprenticeship for one of the most difficult of duties—the fitting editorship of a popular periodical—had been long passed through before the office was assumed by Mrs. Hall. How the task, thus undertaken, will be for the future discharged, may be surmised from the first or specimen number now before the public. It contains nineteen different contributions. Two of these are from the pen of Mrs. Hall. The first, a tale, "Can Wrong be Right?" is a charming picture of a beautiful, accomplished, innocent, but somewhat spoiled child of nature, brought up away from the world, who makes the acquaintance of a young lady that she fears, and a young gentleman she is disposed to fall in love with. What is to be her fate, her fortunes, or her mishaps are all reserved for future numbers. The second contribution by Mrs. Hall is "A Story for the Young of the Household," and the unhappy heroine whose faults are exposed in it affords an excellent lesson by showing the evil consequences that follow from carelessness. We may remark that in this second story—in the mere telling of it—Mrs. S. C. Hall has filled up a gap that is discernible in all other magazines. All ought to have "a child's story" in them! that is, there ought to be at least ten or twelve pages afforded to the younger members of families. We feel convinced, by acting upon this idea,

—carrying it fully out—it will be soon perceived that the *St. James's Magazine* is the first sought for of all the monthlies in every household where there are children from eight to sixteen years of age. We now turn to the other contributors to this periodical. The place of honour is properly assigned to Robert Bell, who opens the magazine with a description of "St. James's," of its past history and present condition. The contribution is the very perfection of what a magazine article ought to be—light, graceful, learned, and suggestive—a compression of history in which every sentence contains a fact, and nothing is left unsaid that was worth stating. There are five pieces of poetry,—by Owen Meredith, by the authors of "Paul Ferroll" and "John Halifax," a piece for music, "The Song of the Lark," by T. Hood; with something on chemistry by Mr. Hunt, on astronomy by Captain Drayson, a serious article about the necessity of sanitary knowledge being possessed by women by Mrs. Merifield, a very heavy article—the lumber of the month—by Dr. Doran, entitled "The Hills of London;" a Scotch story, "Puir Grizzle;" the commencement of a tale, "Ralph, the Bailiff," a very ably-written story; a short note on the "Essays and Reviews," by Mr. Halliwell; and other contributions we have not time to notice. Taken altogether we congratulate the public upon the appearance of *St. James's Magazine*. It is well entitled to their favour. So convinced are we of its merits, that we give to the new periodical a place apart from all others, and predict for it years of popularity and success.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

HAVING referred, in the preceding notice, to the new candidate for public approbation, it becomes now our duty to descend upon the merits of other periodicals whose reputation is established. In the *Cornhill*, Mr. Thackeray in his admirable tale of "Philip" expresses the fear that one of the chapters in which he descants upon the many mercenary marriages of Belgravian will be regarded as "cynical." Few men thoroughly know themselves. Persius—the most rough, uncouth, and violent of stoical satirists,—complimented himself, through the lips of a friend, with being as gentle and good-natured in his strictures upon human weaknesses as the Epicurean Horace:—

"Ore teres modico, pallente radere mores  
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo."

Mr. Thackeray, on the other hand, is apprehensive that he will be deemed too severe, when, in point of fact, he points out a social evil, describes it justly, and banters those who sanction in a style and manner that is most delightful to read. Let him continue in his "Philip" to charm the public with such writing as that which signalises his eighth and ninth chapters in the present number, and there will be a general wish that "Philip" may be like the tales of the clever sister-in-law of the wife-killing Sultan, and continue "a thousand and one nights." We recommend our statesmen and political economists to study the article on "The Irish Convict System," and the reasons given to show "why it has succeeded." In this number there is a picture, "At Home," upon which the artist has bestowed much pains; but we regret to say we cannot admire it. It is a terrible mass of confusion, a hodge-podge of figures, and utterly destitute of humour.—The prominent personage in Mr. Sala's continuation of "The Seven Sons of Mammon," in *Temple Bar*, is "a fast young lady." It is a very clever portrait—drawn to the life; but it fails in exciting either interest or amusement. The fault is not in the artist, but in his subject. Under the title of "Colonel Bowie and his Knife," some useful suggestions are given to the American republicans. It is shown that much of the barbarism and brutality to be found amongst them is attributable to the abominable custom of men arming themselves with deadly weapons, when mixing in general society; and their attention is directed to this important fact, that so long as persons in Europe were in the habit of being armed, crimes of violence were of constant occurrence—the cessation of bloodshed dates from the time that civilians discarded the wearing of swords. The present number of *Temple Bar* concludes the first volume, and we are happy to learn from Mr. Sala's preface, that its "career has been already most encouraging," and that it "bids fair to be permanently prosperous."

We must postpone until next week a notice of *Bentley*, *Colburn*, *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, *Macmillan*, *National*, and other periodicals.

#### MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

*Agnes Tremorine.* By J. Blagden. In Two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill.—In this novel, the scene of which is laid in Rome, about thirty years ago, there are two heroines and two heroes, whose loves and misfortunes are strangely complicated together. The heroines are half-sisters, one the daughter of an English, the other of an Italian mother; and there is such a marvellous resemblance between the two heroes, they are frequently mistaken for one another. The first hero had fallen in love, and was accepted by the elder, or English sister; but when the Italian sister had grown up to womanhood, he fell in love with the younger, who, knowing nothing of his engagement to the elder, returned his affection. The elder sister sacrificed her attachment, parted with the hero, and resigned him to the younger sister, who was on the point of being married, when he was arrested as one of "the Carbonari" by the Austrian Government, and sent a prisoner to Spielberg. In consequence of the death of her father, and separation from her lover, the younger sister loses her health and reason, and is solely dependent for support upon the English sister, who is maintaining both by her earnings as an artist at Rome, when she is seen by the second hero, who becomes interested respecting her, and at length is permitted to visit her and her sister, in the hope that his powers as a mesmeriser may be of service to the invalid. The half-insane invalid mistakes the stranger for her affianced husband, and, being a very beautiful young woman, her demonstrations of affection place the second hero in a dilemma; for whilst he is in love with the elder, he is obliged, in the hope of curing the invalid, to be acting the lover with the younger, and the elder sister, fearing the first lover is dead, is prepared again to sacrifice her affections for the advantage of her younger sister!!! There is the chance of this embarrassment being put an end to by the escape of the first lover from Spielberg, and his return to Rome; but, unfortunately, one of the Italian conspirators had fallen in love with the English sister, and finding his suit rejected, and that the second hero is like to the first, has him assassinated, under the pretence that he is one of the brotherhood of the Carbonari, who has failed in his oath to his fellow conspirators! And so the poor innocent second hero is slain at the very moment he has mesmerized the Italian sister into perfect health, and thus she is made happy in her marriage with the real conspirator, whilst the poor English sister is left to pine away a life of singleness and grief by the grave of the second hero. There are, in addition to these characters and complications, some curious personages introduced, such as an amiable adulterer, a handsome, fair-faced, intriguing widow, an insipid English travelling mamma,

and her still more insipid if not disagreeable daughters. The scenes in Rome and its vicinity are well described, and the details of Italian conspiracies will impart, at the present moment, an additional interest to this curious work. The great fault to be found with it is its want of verisimilitude. It is a "Comedy of Errors," with a tragic *dénouement*,—a re-acting in modern Rome of the old stale play of "Amphitryon," and our fear is, that the author may meet with the same salutation from the public which was bestowed upon "Sosia" for the narration of what was supposed by his auditor to be an incredible story:—

"Quas malum! nugas? Satin' tu sanus est?"

*The Ways of Life.*—By John Hollingshead, author of "Under Bow Bells," "Odd Journeys," &c. London: Groombridge & Sons, Paternoster-row. The "ways of life" in this volume are fourfold, viz.: "eccentric ways," "common ways," "muscular ways," and "crooked ways"—all showing great knowledge of life, and all pourtrayed by a literary traveller, whose powers of observation and ability in description have won for him a wide-spread popularity. Mr. Hollingshead has collected a series of papers contributed to *Household Words, All the Year round*, and other periodicals, and published them in the volume now before us. It is a fitting companion to a work, "Odd Journeys," formerly noticed by us. (See LONDON REVIEW, Vol. i., No. XIV., p. 329.) We repeat the opinions then expressed as to the talents of the writer. Our belief is that this, like his former work, will be received with favour by the public.

*The Trail of the Serpent; or, the Secret of the Heath.* By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Garibaldi, and other Poems." London: Ward & Lock, 158, Fleet-street.—An improbable tale; but very spiritedly told. It commences with two murders and a suicide, diverges into an attempt at poisoning, and has a dumb detective police-officer, with a half-mad scapgegrace unjustly convicted of murder, as its heroes. Those who like an English novel resembling in its incidents a French romance, and in its best-written passages many of the peculiarities of Charles Dickens, will be greatly pleased with "The Trail of the Serpent."

*The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1861.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. London: Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster-row. Paris: Hector Bossange.—This is a very valuable work to all persons having any connection with the United States of America. It contains, amongst other matters, full lists of the executive and judiciary of the general Government, including the chief officers and clerks of the several departments, and of the Court of claims; of collectors of customs, of postmasters in the principal places, of army, and navy, and pension agents, and of the Indian superintendents and agents; of the inspectors of steam-boats and their districts; of the army and the various military departments and posts under the new organization; of the navy, and the new rates of pay, the public vessels, and the marine corps; of the American ministers and consuls in foreign countries, and of foreign ministers and consuls in the United States. There are also tables connected with commerce, navigation, revenue, and expenditure, as well as of the post-office, mint, and public lands, showing the receipt and expenditure of the government under their several heads, the public debt, imports, exports, tonnage, sales of lands. There are also tables of the weight and value of foreign gold and silver coins, of the prices of certain articles of commerce in New York for forty years; of railroads and the surveyed routes to the Pacific, of telegraphs and submarine telegraphs, of colleges and professional schools in the United States, the population of the several States at decennial periods, including the census of 1860; the debts, property, and expenses of the States, &c. &c. Considering how much recent events have affected the public mind with respect to the United States, and excited a desire to be fully acquainted with their internal organization and resources, we know of no work so well calculated to supply accurate and full information as to the great Republic, its strength, importance, and resources as "The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1861."

*Memoir of Queen Adelaide, Consort of King William IV.* By Dr. Doran, author of "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover." London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.—A slight story, very prettily told, in Dr. Doran's agreeable gossiping manner. The maiden life of the late queen is the most interesting portion of the biography, and the mode in which Dr. Doran discourses of her Majesty's ancestors will induce the reader to regret he did not make full length portraits where he has contented himself with a few slight but very pleasing sketches.

*Startling Facts respecting the Poverty and Distress of more than Four Hundred Clergymen of the United Church of England and Ireland.* By the Rev. W. G. Jervis, M.A. (Second Edition.) London: Edward Thompson, 3, Burleigh-street, Strand; J. T. Hayes, Lyall-place, Eaton-square; and the Author, 345, Strand.—In the preface to the second edition, the author congratulates his readers on the fact that "the actual condition of the poor clergy is at length meeting with due consideration," and he hopes "that ere long the clergy, as a body, shall be adequately remunerated for their high and holy services." He adds, upon the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, "that ten thousand out of the twenty thousand clergy of England and Wales are not in receipt of £100 per annum."

*Ahn's Method of Learning French.* (First Course.) Author's own Edition. London: Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster-row; David Nutt, 270, Strand.—This author's mode of teaching has been attended with such great success, that unfair attempts have been made (through the publication of spurious editions), to deprive him of the just fruits of his labours. It is desirable, therefore, that the public should know where they may procure copies authorized by the author's signature. Such are the copies published by Messrs. Trübner, of Paternoster-row, and Mr. Nutt in the Strand.

*Companion to the Writing-desk; or, How to Address, Begin, and End Letters to Titled and Official Personages.* Together with a Table of Precedence, copious List of Abbreviations, Rules for Composition and Punctuation, Instructions on Composing for the Press, &c. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.—This useful little book is divided into two parts. The first shows how letters should be addressed to persons in various ranks in society; and the second contains practical instructions as to the proper manner of writing letters. It contains many important hints upon original composition. For the young and foreigners this little manual will be found a most valuable instructor.

*A New Dictionary of Quotations, from the Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages.* Translated into English, and occasionally accompanied with Illustrations, Historical, Poetical, and Anecdotal. By the author of "Live and Learn," "The

Newspaper and General Reader's Pocket Companion," &c. With an extensive Index, referring to every important word. (Third thousand.) London: John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster-row, and 27, Southampton-row.—The title-page to this work, although lengthy, does not convey a precise notion of its contents, and the valuable aid it affords to the readers of newspapers and light literature. It is, in addition to the "quotations" as supplied from various languages, a large technical dictionary, in which are given explanations to expressions frequently used and often imperfectly understood, as well as terms "which have wandered far from their original import." As a book of "quotations," we regret to perceive the compiler has failed to refer to the precise passages in voluminous writers, such as Tacitus, Pliny, Horace, Virgil, Juvenal, &c., from which the passages quoted are extracted. It is not enough to give a translation from a passage—for example, from Horace—without stating whether that passage is to be found in the "Odes," "Satires," "Epistles," or "Art of Poetry." If this want were supplied, the "New Dictionary of Quotations" would become a volume of first-rate importance.

*Biographies Militaires.* Par Théodore Karcher, B.A. and B.C.L., Maître de Langue Francaise à l'Académie Royale Militaire de Woolwich. London: David Nutt, 270, Strand.—The author of this book, M. Karcher, is a political exile, since the accession of Napoleon III. To use his own words, "the persecution of a free press in France" brought him to England, where he has been honourably sustaining himself by the exercise of his talents and accomplishments as a scholar. He is the French teacher at the Royal Academy at Woolwich, and he has composed "The Military Biographies" for the use of pupils in Woolwich and other military institutions. The volume comprises the lives and achievements of Duguesclin, Bayard, Turenne, Saxe, Moreau, Ney, and Kleber. It is well written, and calculated to please not only military cadets, but those who are devoting themselves to other professions. It is strange, however, to see a collection of French "military biographies" written by a Frenchman, and yet excluding from such a work the greatest general of ancient or modern times—Napoleon Bonaparte!

*Friendly Sketches in America.* By William Tallack. London: A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate Without.—This work consists of sketches of the Society of Friends in America. It is the result of observations and inquiries made during a four months' journey through the United States, in the summer of 1860. At a time when it is very generally supposed the sect of George Fox is fast falling into decay, these sketches will be read with interest. They disclose many facts worth knowing, and are written in a spirit so fair and just, as to prove the author to be an honest man. They incline the reader to feel that any testimony given by such a writer, is entitled to be received with full confidence in its truth. We regret we cannot afford space to the author's short chapter on Lord Macaulay, and the motives which actuated the illustrious historian in his hostility to the Quakers.

*The Busy Hives Around Us; or, a Variety of Trips and Visits to the Mine, the Workshop, and the Factory.* London: James Hogg & Sons.—An interesting volume, affording an insight into the extent and variety of occupations from which have arisen the wealth, importance, and renown of England. A notion of the subjects treated of may be gleaned from the headings of the different papers contributed. They are—1. "The Merchant Princes: a Walk through a London Warehouse;" 2. "India Mills and Cotton Lords;" 3. "My Lords of Coal;" 4. "A Descent into the Arley Mine;" 5. "A 'Superfine Article': a Glance at the West of England Woollen Trade;" 6. "Her Majesty's Printers;" 7. "The Falcon Iron Works;" 8. "Railway Colonies;" 9. "The Spitalfields' Weavers;" 10. "History of the Cheap Press—*The Daily Telegraph*."

*Tontines and Life Annuities.*—Report and Observations on the Mortality of the Government Life Annuities. By Alexander Glen Finlayson, Actuary of the National Debt. Printed by order of the House of Commons. The report contained in these pages is made up from an immense mass of details collected from voluminous public documents stored up in the office of the Comptroller of the National Debt. The facts stated are most valuable, and the inferences to be drawn from them calculated to be of great service both to individuals and the public. The author has, through means of the tables collected by him, established a very unerring test of civilization—that is, whether there is a decided superiority of one country over another—and the proof of that superiority he takes to be "the greater duration of life;" for the life of the savage—of the being lowest in the scale of civilization—is the *zero* of mankind, because it is "on account of manifold privations, generally very brief." To all who are interested in tontines and life annuities, this will be found a most useful book.

*Crockford's Scholastic Directory for 1861:* being an annual work of reference for facts relating to educators, education, and educational establishments (public and private), in the United Kingdom. London: John Crockford, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C. This is a most useful book of reference. In addition to the information promised in the title-page, there is given a list of endowed grammar and public schools, with interesting intelligence as to their revenue, the numbers of scholars, and the species of instruction given in them. There is also an account of the parochial and non-endowed schools of England and Wales, a full list of private schools, and an account of foreign schools, such, as it is truly stated in the preface, "contains much information that will be quite new to the public." There are also lists of the various training-schools and colleges under the inspection of Government; as well as the various denominational colleges in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The labour in compiling the vast mass of knowledge to be found in this work must have been immense; and we trust the circulation of "The Scholastic Directory" will repay in some respects the toil bestowed upon it. It is an eminently useful and practical book.

*The Squire; a Biographical Sketch.* Brighton: Robert Folthorpe, 173, North-street.—A collection of uninteresting anecdotes, not worth the telling, and utterly unworthy of publication.

*The Illustrated Family Shakespeare.* Edited by Thomas Bowdler, F.R.S., F.S.A. London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co., Stationers' Hall-court.—A new edition of Shakespeare, corrected by the careful pen of Bowdler. This edition will be completed in seventeen parts, and the whole illustrated with steel engravings.

*Tales of Bandits, Robbers, and Smugglers.* London: Cheap Repository Series.—The fault to be found with most works of this description is that they enter into details calculated to corrupt the mind. No such imputation can be cast upon the present volume. It is a very interesting collection of exciting adventures, and perfectly free from objectionable matter.

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**—*Considerations on the Human Mind, its Present State and Future Destination.*—By Richard Grattan, Esq., M.D., Ex-J.P., Senior Fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, and Ex-Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Ireland, author of several works on Medicine, Politics, and Social Economy. London: George Manwaring, King William-street, Strand. Dublin: M'Glashan.—*The Mysterious Marriage.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Country Hospitalities.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Beatrice.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Holiday House.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Modern Flirtations.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*The Journey of Life.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Jane Bouvier.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Modern Accomplishments.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Sketches and Stories of Scotland and the Scotch.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Modern Society.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Torchester Abbey.* By Catherine Sinclair. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Ipswich: J. M. Burton & Co.—*Retrenchment and Reform.* A Letter to John Bright, Esq., M.P. By Edward J. Gibbs, M.A. London: James Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly, W. Birmingham and Manchester: Slater (late Simms). *The Holy Bible*, translated from the Latin Vulgate. Published with the approbation of Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland. Parts XI. and XII. Dublin: Duffy, 7, Wellington Quay; and 22, Paternoster-row, London.—*La Critique Française.* Paris: 8, Rue Garonnière. London: Henry G. Bohn, Williams & Norgate. *Journal of Statistical Society of London.* London: Parker, Son, & Bourn, 445, West Strand, W.C.—*The Eclectic.* London: Judd & Glass, New Bridge-street. *Eblis: a Poem.* By Thomas Wilson. Glasgow: Thomas Murray & Son. *The Law of Impersonation as applied to Abstract Ideas and Religious Dogmas.* By S. W. Hall. London: George Manwaring, 8, King William-street, Strand.—*A Letter to the Committee of the Council of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce appointed to consider the Bank and Currency System.* By a Member of the Committee. Liverpool: Andrew & David Rusner, 30, Moorfields.—*Church and Church Rates.* A Letter to the Electors of the Borough of Buckingham. By J. G. Hubbard, Esq., M.P. London: James Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly, W.—*On the Revision of the Liturgy.* The Speech of Lord Ebury in the House of Lords, 8th May, 1860. Third thousand. London: Hatchard & Co., 187, Piccadilly.—*Addresses to Schoolboys.* By Daniel Cornish. London: Alexander Heylin, 28, Paternoster-row.—*The New Reformation and its Principles.* Essay No. I. Third edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers'-court; Richardson, Brothers, Cornhill; Webster & Co., 60, Piccadilly; J. Boulton, Knightsbridge; Marshall, Edgware-road.—*The Altar of the Household.* No. II. London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co., 10, Stationers' Hall-court.—*Hogarth's Works.* No. II. London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co., 10, Stationers' Hall-court.—*The Question of Languages in the Duchy of Schleswig.* A Memorandum translated from the German. London: David Nutt, 270, Strand.—*The Illustrated Family Gazetteer; or, Dictionary of Universal Geography.* Part II. By James Bryce, LL.D., F.G.S. New edition.—London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co., Stationers' Hall-court.—*The Illustrated Family Shakespeare.* Edited by Thomas Bowdler. London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co., Stationers' Hall-court.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An organization is in course of arrangement for adapting the machinery of art-unions to the distribution of books—and good books—among the people. The new society will be called the London Book Union. Several eminent men of letters are connected with it already; and it is believed that it will appear under high patronage. The prizes will be books instead of pictures. It is understood that the first prize will be a library of the value of three hundred guineas, and that there will be a vast number of small prizes: the prizeholders having the option of choosing the books for themselves. The object of the promoters is to spread small libraries among the working classes. Every subscriber will, moreover, receive a copy of a standard work.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are preparing for immediate publication a memoir from authentic sources of the late Duke of Richmond.

Mr. Andrew Murray has a new work on "The Theory and Practice of Shipbuilding" in the press, with Messrs. Adam & Charles Black.

Lord Stanhope's "Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt," with extracts from his MS. papers, will be ready during the ensuing week.

Mr. Dolman, of New Bond-street, is about to publish the "Papal Sovereignty," viewed in its relations to the Catholic religion, and to the laws of Europe. Translated from the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and Member of the French Academy.

Mr. B. B. Woodward, F.S.A., who succeeded the late Mr. Glover as librarian to Her Majesty, is preparing for the press a new "Historical and Chronological Encyclopedia." This work is intended to form a copious and trustworthy book of reference for both students and general readers, and to present in a brief and convenient form chronological notices of all the great events of universal history. Matters of merely local interest will not be admitted. The general arrangements will be alphabetical; but wherever connected series of events can be grouped under familiar titles, this expedient will be adopted. Historical events and occurrences happening in or relating to England, will invariably receive the largest share of attention. References to the authorities will be frequently given with a view to establish the value of particular dates, as well as to direct students to the sources of further information respecting them. The work will be published by Messrs. Longman & Co.

Mr. James Hannay's reprint from the *Quarterly* will be published immediately by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

Messrs. Hall, Virtue, & Co. have just issued a third and cheaper edition of Mr. Miall's work on "Bases of Belief," with a preface relating almost exclusively to the "Essays and Reviews," the speculations, criticisms, and reasonings of which are similar to those which his volume was written to combat.

Messrs. Walton & Maberly have in the press a new work by Mr. Edward

Smith, M.D., F.R.S., on "Health and Disease as Influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System."

Several important changes are contemplated in the management of the reading room of the British Museum, owing to the increasing number of the visitors. The new room, spacious as it is, is found to be inadequate for their accommodation; and the trustees have in consideration the practicability of appropriating an additional room for their use. We hear that it is intended to increase the staff of attendants, the present number being insufficient for the growing attendance of visitors. In a measure this has been necessitated by the disgraceful destruction of many of the works of reference, the trustees having wisely determined to enforce a stricter surveillance, with the hope to put a stop to such proceedings. We hear that no less than 25,000 persons have obtained tickets of admission since the opening of the new room.

Messrs. Hamilton & Adams have the following new works nearly ready:—A new volume of the "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh; "My own Life and Times—1741—1814," being the autobiography of the Rev. Thomas Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, and one of her Majesty's Chaplains; and a new novel, by the author of "The Foster-Brothers," entitled "Richard Arbour; or, the Family Scapegrace," by James Payne.

Messrs. Saunders & Otley have in preparation a "Political Life of the Earl of Derby," and "The American Church and the American Union," by Henry Caswell, D.D.

Mr. Francis Wyndham's new volume of travels, entitled "Wild Life on the Fields of Norway," which Messrs. Longman & Co. are about to publish, will be illustrated in chromolithography. This work will afford an insight into society among the upper classes of the Norwegians, and is a narrative of a journey, chiefly with pack-horses, through some of the wildest and most beautiful parts least known of the kingdom of Norway.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Son will have ready, early in the week, "The Twelve Great Battles of England," with coloured illustrations, dedicated to the Volunteers of England.

Messrs. George Rowley & Co. have in the press "A Guide to Illumination and Missal Painting," by W. and G. Audley. It will contain a brief history of the art, with a description of the various styles in chronological order; also giving a detailed list of the materials in use, in ancient and modern times, and full instructions for students in the art of illuminating. It will be profusely illustrated.

Mr. Shirley Brooks has, during the past week, delivered two lectures in the North of England, on the "Theatre" and the "House of Commons," with great success.

Early in April will be published a "Journal of Horticulture, Cottage Gardener, and Country Gentleman," edited by George W. Johnson, F.R.H.S., and Robert Hogg, LL.D. This publication, which will be published weekly, will form the commencement of a new series of that old-established and popular periodical, "The Cottage Gardener," permanently increased to thirty-two pages, and richly illustrated with wood engravings in the highest style of art.

Mr. Hodgson will sell by auction, on Monday, April 8th, the valuable library of the late Henry Butterworth, Esq., F.S.A. The majority of these lots are choice "Library editions," chiefly bound in calf or morocco.

Messrs. Puttick & Simpson have a miscellaneous sale on Thursday, April 4th, and the four following days, including the library of the late William Barton.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM MARCH 22ND TO MARCH 28TH.

Anderson (Dr. A.). Ten Lectures on Fever. Post Svo. cloth. 5s. Churchill.  
 McLaren (Rev. J.) Memoir of. Edited by the Rev. P. Leys. 12mo. cloth. 4s. Hamilton.  
 Mayhew (Henry). London Labour and London Poor. Vol. II. Royal Svo. 7s. 6d. Griffin & Co.  
 Masson (David). Macmillan's Magazine. Vol. III. Svo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Macmillan.  
 Mignet (F. A.). Life of Mary Queen of Scots. New edition. Cr. Svo. cloth. 5s. Bentley.  
 Newcomb (Rev. H.). How to be a Man. 18mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.  
 How to be a Lady. 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d. Gould and Lincoln, Boston.  
 Anecdotes for Boys. 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.  
 Anecdotes for Girls. 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.  
 Kind Words for Children. 16mo. cl. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.  
 No Church. By the Author of High Church. 3 vols. Post Svo. cloth. £1. 11s. 6d. Hurst & Blackett.  
 Paterson (N.). Mansie Garden. New edition. Crown Svo. cloth. 2s. J. Blackwood.  
 Punch. Re-issue, Vol. II. 5s. Bradbury & Evans.  
 Cooke's Profit and Discount Tables. New edition, edited by A. Ferguson. Oblong. 3s. 6d. Tegg & Son.  
 Rowell (Rev. T. J.). Man's Labour & God's Harvest. Fcap. Svo. cloth. 3s. Macmillan.  
 Stanhope (Earl). Life of William Pitt. Vols. I. and II. Post Svo. cloth. £1. 1s. Murray.  
 Slick (Sam). The Season Ticket. 16mo. boards. 2s. 6d. Bentley.  
 Stanley (Arthur P.). Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church. Svo. cloth. 16s. Murray.  
 The Stratford Shakespeare. Vol. II. Fcap. 3s. 6d. Griffin & Co.  
 The Circle of the Sciences. Post Svo. cl. Vol. III. Griffin & Co.  
 The Twelve Great Battles of England. Fcap. bds. 2s. 6d. Sampson Low.  
 The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain. New edition. 2 vols. post Svo. cloth. 5s. Bohn.  
 The Henwife; her own Experience in her own Poultry-yard. 16mo. cl. 7s. 6d. Hamilton.  
 Thompson (Rev. J. P.). Love Penalty. 4s. 6d. Tresidder.  
 Transactions of the Social Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1860. 12s. J. W. Parker & Son.  
 Watson (Rev. P.). Preparing for Home. Second edition. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Nisbet & Co.  
 Wharncliffe (Lord). The Letters and Works of Lady Wortley Montague. Third edition. Svo. cloth. Vol. I. 9s. Bohn.  
 Wordsworth (C.). Discourses on the Scottish Reformation. 3s. 6d. Hamilton.

[March 30, 1861.]

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

8 p.m. Entomological—12, Bedford-row.  
8 " " Medical—32 A, George-street, Hanover-square. Clinical Discussion.

TUESDAY.

8 " Civil Engineers—25, Great George-street, Westminster. The meeting announced in the Society's cards for this evening has been adjourned until the 9th inst., when the Discussion on Mr. Murray's Paper "On the North Sea" will be continued.  
8 " Pathological—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street.  
8 " Photographic—King's College, Strand.

WEDNESDAY.

8 " Society of Arts—John-street, Adelphi. "On Economic Contrivances and Labour-saving Machines used in America." By Dr. W. C. Eddy.  
8 " Microscopical—King's College, Strand.  
8 " Pharmaceutical—17, Bloomsbury-square.  
8 " Ethnological—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square. "Results of Ethnological Observations made during the last ten years in England and Wales." By D. Mackintosh, Esq. Illustrated by a map and portraits.—"Remarks on the Natives of East Australia," with Specimens of their Workmanship. By W. Parker Snow, Esq.

THURSDAY.

8 " Linnean—Burlington House. "On the Identification of the Grasses of the Linnean Herbarium." By Col. Munro.—"On an Unusual Mode of Germination on the Mango." By M. T. Masters, Esq.  
8 " Chemical—Burlington House. "On the Solubility of Zinc-oxides in the Gastric Juice." By Dr. Marret.—"On some derivations of the Olefines." By Dr. Guthrie.

FRIDAY.

4 " Archaeological Institute—26, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

SATURDAY.

3 " Asiatic, 5, New Burlington-street. "On the Canalization of India." By W. Balston, Esq.

ERRATUM.—By the dropping out of a figure, the number of seamen liable to be flogged, mentioned last week in the article "Petty Torture," was 5,333 instead of 58,333.

THE SECOND ANSWER  
TO THE  
ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

## BUNSEN'S BIBLICAL RESEARCHES.

On SATURDAY Next, APRIL 6th,  
WILL APPEAR IN A  
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT,  
THE SECOND ANSWER, TO  
"BUNSEN'S BIBLICAL RESEARCHES," by ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College, Lampeter; Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE—EASTER HOLIDAYS.—The Entertainments will commence on EASTER MONDAY, and continue during the week, and will comprise THE AMERICAN OLD FOLKS CONCERT COMPANY, in their Costumes of One Hundred Years Ago, who will give their characteristic performances, assisted by Miss EMMA J. NICHOLLS, the popular American Vocalist; the "Inimitable Mackney" in his celebrated delineations of negro character; Stead, "The Cure," in his wonderful jumping and other songs; the Conrad Brothers in their extraordinary violin performances on the tight rope. The Orchestral Band of the Company will perform selections of Popular Music, and there will be performances on the Great Festival Organ at intervals.

Display of the Upper Series of Fountains.—New Picture Gallery, Machinery in motion, and all the usual attractions. Open at nine. Admission, 1s.; children under 12, 6d.

Trains will run from London-bridge, and intermediate stations, as often as required.

CRYSTAL PALACE—THE INIMITABLE MACKNEY and J. H. STEAD, "The Cure," daily, in Easter Week.

CRYSTAL PALACE, WET OR DRY, EQUALLY AVAILABLE.

CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—President, the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G., &c., &c.

Subscription, ONE GUINNA.

Subscribers are entitled to select from a variety of copyright Works of Art, prepared expressly for this Society, comprising works in ceramic statuary, porcelain, wedgwood ware, and metal. Also photographs, chromo-lithographs, &c., &c., and in addition, ONE CHANCE FOR EACH GUINNA SUBSCRIBED, in the next distribution of prizes.

The works are now on view in the Sheffield and Ceramic Courts, in the Crystal Palace.

Prospectuses forwarded on application.

By order,

I. WILKINSON, Sec.

Crystal Palace, March, 1861.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.—This Grand and Solemn Picture, by J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A., containing upwards of Thirty Figures, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 165, NEW BOND-STREET, from Ten to Five. Admission One Shilling.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—The EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of artists of the French and Flemish schools, is now OPEN, at the Gallery, No. 120, Pall-mall, opposite the Opera-colonnade. Admission 1s.; catalogues 6d. Open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

JERUSALEM.—SELOUS' GRAND PICTURES.—1. IN HER GRANDEUR, A.D. 33. With the Triumphant Entry of Christ into the Holy City.—2. IN HER FALL, as now viewed from the Mount of Olives. These great Works contain upwards of 200 special points of interest, and 200 figures. ON VIEW daily, from 10 to 5, at the GALLERY, No. 5, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.—Admission free, on presentation of private address-card.

M. AND MRS. GERMAN REED, WITH MR. JOHN PARRY, will appear in AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENT on WEDNESDAY evening next, April 3, at 8 o'clock, at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT-STREET. Unreserved seats, 1s., 2s., Stalls, 3s. Stall Chairs, 5s., secured in advance at the Gallery, from 11 to 5, and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Brilliant success of the New Comedy of A DUKE IN DIFFICULTIES, in which Mrs. Stirling and Miss Fanny Stirling have been rapturously received. Revival of the Popular Melodrama of the MILLER AND HIS MEN, with new Scenery and effects by Mr. Frederick Fenton, and the whole of the Original Music by the late Sir Henry Bishop.—EASTER MONDAY, April 1st, and during the week, to commence at 7 precisely, with the new Comedy, A DUKE IN DIFFICULTIES, with New and Magnificent Scenery by O'Connor and Morris. Characters by Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Howe, Mr. Compton, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Clark, Mr. E. Villiers; and Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Poynter, &c.; after which will be revived, with New Scenery and effects, the popular Melodrama of THE MILLER AND HIS MEN: Grindoff, Mr. Howe; Lothair, Mr. W. Farren; Count Friberg, Mr. E. Villiers; Karl, Mr. Compton; Riber, Mr. Charles Leclercq; Golotz, Mr. Worrel; Claudine, Miss Florence Heydon; Ravenna, Mrs. Poynter, with a full and efficient Chorus for the Original Music by Bishop.—Box-office open daily from 10 till 5.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. WEBSTER.—GREAT ATTRACTION for the EASTER HOLIDAYS. New Drama, and Re-engagement of the popular American actress, Miss JULIA DALY.—ON EASTER MONDAY, and during the Week, MAGLOIRE, THE PRESTIGATOR, in which Mr. B. WEBSTER will make his First Appearance this Season, and the entire Company, and OUR FEMALE AMERICAN COUSIN, Pamela (her original character), Miss JULIA DALY. Doors open at Half-past Six, and commence at Seven.—Box-office open from Ten till Five.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.—On EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY, CHEAP EXCURSIONS from London Bridge to Dover, Folkestone, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, and Hythe, at 8.30 a.m.; Ramsgate, Margate, Canterbury, Sturry (for Herne Bay), Sandwich, Deal, Ashford, and Tunbridge, at 7.50 a.m.

Fares there and back:—

Covered Carriages.	Second Class.	First Class.
3s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	7s. 6d.

ON EASTER MONDAY, EXCURSIONS TO LONDON at very low fares from the principal stations.

Children by these Excursions Half-fares.

No Luggage allowed.

The Ordinary Return Tickets, for distances above Ten Miles, issued on Thursday, March 28th, and following days, will be available to return by any train of the same class, up to Tuesday evening, April 2nd, inclusive.

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## ANSWERS TO THE SEVEN ESSAYS.

### INTRODUCTION.

WE feel that were the volume entitled "The Essays and Reviews" the production of some one avowed sceptic, the notice it has already received would be more than sufficient; but there are circumstances connected with it which give it an importance and a power for evil, which intrinsically it does not possess. The position and character of the writers, the bold assault upon the most sacred truths from a quarter to which they might naturally look for defence, the display of learning which is in fact very superficial, the assumption of an advanced intellectualism,—all these are calculated to lend it weight, and make it pregnant with danger to the thoughtless and inexperienced. We therefore feel called upon to consider the work at some length, and by a rigid examination to lay bare its fallacies and errors.

The following is a list of the "Essays and Reviews," with the name of their respective authors:—

*The Education of the World.* By FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; Head Master of Rugby School; Chaplain to the Earl of Denbigh.

*Bunsen's Biblical Researches.* By ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College, Lampeter; Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts.

*On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity.* By BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford.

*Séances Historiques de Genève.—The National Church.* By HENRY BRISTOW WILSON, B.D., Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts.

*On the Mosaic Cosmogony.* By C. W. GOODWIN, M.A.

*Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688—1750.* By MARK PATTISON, B.D.

*On the Interpretation of Scripture.* By BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.

Among these writers are two Professors in the University of Oxford, the Vice-Principal of a Divinity College, the Head Master of one of the public schools of England and chaplain to the Queen, while another has been lately elected the Rector of his College. It will be admitted that the position of these writers is such as to give weight to their opinions; and that, if those opinions are erroneous and pernicious, there is reason to fear that the mind of the youth of England may be poisoned, and the faith of some of the future ministers of her Church destroyed.

The authors of the "Essays and Reviews," in a preliminary notice, inform the reader that "they have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison." As they affirm this, we are bound to believe it, otherwise it would not be hard to show that there is not only a unity of thought, but a similarity of expression pervading the whole; that while the several Essays touch the same chords, each writer selects a particular and different note, in such a way as to give to the whole performance a unity, practically, at least, of design and execution. What the object of the writers may be in giving this assurance, it is not easy to perceive. It may be that they did not wish to shock too violently the religious feeling of England by letting it be supposed that the volume is the result of a combination to remove the ancient landmarks of the faith, and to uproot all that is sacred and dear to the Christian; or it may be they wished to make the marvellous unity of thought and design that pervades it appear more striking and remarkable; if this be so, we can only say it shows that when men make shipwreck of the faith, and slip the cable to let the soul drift from its moorings, they are very likely to strike on the same rocks and quicksands; and that if men will turn away from the truth to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of a light of their own kindling, they need not be surprised if they meet in the same quagmire of error. Though they speak of being "responsible for their respective articles only," the claim of limited liability can in this case hardly be conceded, for they unitedly put forward

the volume as one, and as having a definite design. "The volume, it is hoped, will be received as an attempt to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious truth, from a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment."

What this "conventional language" and these "traditional methods of treatment" are, becomes very apparent from a perusal of the Essays. The conventional language is the language in which apostles and martyrs of every age have clothed the truths of Christianity; and the "traditional methods of treatment" would seem to be the bringing of every doctrine and every principle to the Sacred Scriptures, as the standard by which it is to be determined and judged. The advantage that has resulted to the cause of religion and moral truth from the "free handling" referred to may be thus briefly enumerated. Christianity is described, not as the great plan devised by infinite wisdom for the salvation of men, but as one of many instrumentalities employed by Providence in the work of human civilization; the predictive element of prophecy is altogether denied; miracles are declared to be not only improbable but impossible; a disingenuous subscription of the Articles is recommended; the statements of Scripture are represented as irreconcileable with the discoveries of science; the foundations of religious belief and the basis of revelation are said to be uncertain and perplexing; the inspiration of Scripture in any supernatural sense is altogether set aside; while the practical conclusion come to is that man's conscience and reason must determine his belief and conduct.

The method in which these grave questions is treated is most reprehensible. The volume is distinguished for boldness of assertion and poverty of argument; doubts are suggested in the absence of proof, the same flattery of the human intellect which our first parents were unable to resist is employed, while the "yea, hath God said?" runs through it all. We should have thought that before men would incur the responsibility and guilt of putting a stumbling-block in the way of the weak, and causing, perhaps, the downfall and ruin of many, they should have had new discoveries to make and new arguments to advance, which, however painful to bring forward, conscience compelled them to disclose; but after a careful study of these Essays, we confidently assert, and we believe we shall be able to prove, that there is nothing whatever in them new. The old objections, many of them the most frivolous, often repeated, and as often refuted, are again served up as if they were fresh; and the writers present themselves to the gaze of the Christian world in "the cast-off clothes" of the deism of the past century, and the thread-bare garments of the rationalism of the present; a spectacle at which all good men mourn, and at which the infidel and the sceptic exult and blaspheme. In this volume the authors quoted are often misrepresented, and some objections flippantly made, which they who made them must have known were deprived of all weight by the answers they have long since received. We have discovered, in one or two cases, the adoption of the ideas if not of the words of others, to say the least bordering on plagiarism, and proving that the most paradoxical writers are not always the most original thinkers.

The intellectual state of the authors of these essays is aptly sketched by one of them:—

"Some men show their want of intellectual self-control by going back, not to the dominion of law, but to the still lower level of intellectual anarchy. They speculate without any foundation at all. They confound the internal consistency of some dream of their brains with the reality of independent truth. They set up theories which have no other evidence than compatibility with the few facts that happen to be known; and forget that many other theories of equal claims might easily be invented. They are as little able to be content with having no judgment at all as those who accept judgments at second hand. They never practically realize that when there is not enough evidence to justify a conclusion, it is wisdom to draw no conclusion. They are so eager for light that they will rub their eyes in the dark and take the resulting optical delusion for real flashes. They need intellectual discipline—but they have little chance of getting it, for they have burst its bands."—Pp. 38, 39.



Such, unhappily, being a too faithful description of the mental state of the authors of these Essays, not only is loss to themselves but mischief to others to be apprehended. Intellectual anarchists cannot publish their dreams, however baseless, or scatter abroad their theories, however wild and fanciful, especially upon subjects of such vital moment, without doing injury to others. Here we have questions raised, not affecting the Church of England merely, or any denomination or section of the Christian Church, but affecting Christianity itself. This is a question not about rival creeds, but whether there be a creed at all, not about conflicting interpretations, but whether there be any revelation. We believe that not only religiously, but socially and morally, the happiness of man is bound up with the questions raised in these Essays. If the views taught in them be received, what is left for man? Literally nothing. Faith is eclipsed, hope destroyed, certainty is at an end, and that only remains which failed of old to guide the heathen world to happiness or holiness.

Fully persuaded that the best interests of men are endangered by rationalistic teaching, and knowing that young and ardent minds may be deceived by the bold assertions and specious fallacies of these Essays, we propose to consider them consecutively, and to refute them in detail. We deprecate all bitterness in controversy; but no spurious charity shall tempt us to draw a veil over error, or deter us from calling it by its right name. It may be said of us, as it is of Butler in one of the Essays, that "he comes forward, not as an investigator, but a pleader." We admit it. We write, believing that the Bible is the word of God, and that the faith it reveals is his remedial measure for the salvation of a lost world.

#### SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST ESSAY.

DR. TEMPLE introduces the subject of his Essay by asserting that, while the material world is stationary, the spiritual world is progressively unfolded and developed,—that the parallel between the education of the individual and that of the race is universal and complete. He attributes to the world at large a childhood, a youth, and a manhood. Applied to these respectively we have rules, examples, principles. Accordingly, there first came into action the Law, secondly, the Son of Man, and thirdly, the Gift of the Spirit. The Law was the first tutor, restrictive, repressive, and severe, milder and less exacting under the prophets, but still law, and as such, strictly obligatory. The captivity in Babylon was the chastisement inflicted under law on account of national offences requiring this punishment. The product of this varied treatment of the childhood of our race placed under law administered by its tutors, and enforced by punishments, was "a settled national belief in the unity and spirituality of God, and an acknowledgment of the paramount importance of chastity as a point of morals."

The nations external to the Hebrews—Greece with its poetical gods, Rome with its legendary gods, Egypt with its animal worship, and the East with its sun worship, were all under systems of law equally divine, but given by God, in different forms. Rome became the embodiment of law, Greece of the reason and the taste, Asia of rest. The Hebrews disciplined the conscience, Rome the will, Greece the reason and taste, and Asia the spiritual imagination. Such was the first stage.

II. The second stage is marked by the departure or dismissal of tutors and governors, and the personal appearance of the Divine Founder of Christianity, who, in the education of our race, was merely the incarnation of Example. This power, that is, the power of example, tells most in the boy growing up to manhood. The period of the world corresponding to this is the meeting point of Law and Gospel, and the beginning of its educating power created by the presence and example of the Redeemer. In the events of his life and death, the exemplary element was the chief, if not only feature. Hence, he argues, the New Testament has no creeds, no forms of devotion, or Church government. It is almost entirely occupied with two lives—"the life of Our Lord, and the life of the Early Church," and these two examples we are to imitate, as far as imitation is practicable in modern society. This is his account of the second stage in the education of our race.

III. The third great period in the education of the individual who is the type of the education of the race, is when "the Spirit, or conscience, comes to full strength, and assumes the throne intended for him in the soul." This power, he adds, "is our accredited judge, who sits in the tribunal of our inner kingdom." In this last stage man learns, by the growth of his inner powers and experience, also by introspective reflection, which enables him to distinguish, and correct, and know. He also learns much by the contradiction he encounters. But he is still to a great extent guided by law, only that it acts no more, as in the education of the child, in the manner of an outer, but of an inner law. This fact, however, is modified by individual and exceptional peculiarities, as in the case of the reprobate, the ignorant, the thoughtless. This is the last stage in the education of the human race, and that under which we now are being educated.

Here, however, by a transition which vitiates his logic, Dr. Temple identifies the Church with the world as in all respects one and the same. Accordingly, leaving the road which he has travelled up to this stage, that is, the world-road, he moves away at a tangent, and enters on another, which we may call the Church-road, and proceeds to tell the story of her wanderings, growth, and development under the action of the inner law. The proofs he assigns of her ripening into something higher, are her gradually diluted dogmatism, her increasing spirit of toleration, and her growing reception of "wider views" as she becomes better acquainted with the results of scientific investigation. The Bible, too, is greatly affected by the "principle of private judgment, which puts conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience the supreme interpreter, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it never can be a duty to disobey." But he insists

that the Bible shall not be obeyed as an outer law, as, for instance, in the observance of Sunday. This observance he approves, but its asserted obligatory observance he attributes to "a perverted use of the Bible."

He assumes, and in plain terms declares, the imperfections of the Bible in as far as "geology proves we must not interpret the first chapter of the Bible literally;" and also that "historical investigation shows us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracy, and that careful criticism proves that there have been occasional interpolations and forgeries in the Bible." Such is an impartial synopsis of the First Essay by the Head Master of Rugby.

It will be seen that Dr. Temple's Essay is purely introductory to the six that follow. It is the most abstract and the least interesting of the series. It presents fewer salient points for critical remark, and, perhaps, it is less open to that severe censure which the others have justly earned. Its theme is not a popular one, and the doctor's treatment of it is marked by studied moderation and caution, both in thought and expression. It was his province to open the door and leave it ajar for Dr. Williams and his successors to enter and spoil the Christian of his heritage and hope, and this he has done with undoubted success.

#### ANSWER TO THE FIRST ESSAY.—"THE EDUCATION OF THE WORLD."

THE world is an enigma unless studied in the light of revelation. The condition of the human race presents problems that can be solved only by it. The fall of man and Redemption by Christ explains the history of earth. Revelation makes known what universal experience proves, that sin has brought misery and ruin upon the world; but it also makes known the mystery of God's redeeming grace. The one great subject of Scripture is the Father's love in the redemption of sinners through his Son.

"Christianity," says Butler, "contains an account of a dispensation of things not at all discoverable by reason, . . . a revelation of a particular dispensation of Providence, carrying on by His Son and Spirit, for the recovery and salvation of mankind, who are represented in Scripture to be in a state of ruin."\* The language of Lord Bacon, as illustrating this "particular dispensation of Providence," is worthy of notice:—

"He chose, according to His good pleasure, man to be that creature to whose nature the person of the Eternal Son of God should be united; and amongst the generations of men elected a small flock, in whom, by the participation of Himself, He purposed to express the riches of His glory; all the ministration of angels, damnation of devils and reprobates, and universal administration of all creatures, and dispensation of all times, having no other end, but as the ways and ambages of God, to be further glorified in His saints, who are one with their head the Mediator, who is one with God."†

This is the great mystery "concerning Christ and the Church," and however Christians may differ as to particulars concerning it, they all agree that the great end he has in view, in the dispensations of his providence and grace, is, in the language of the Apostle, "that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish" (Eph. v. 27).

God, then, in time, is educating his Church for eternity. And the education of the Church explains the history of the world. But the world is not the Church; to confound them, is to confound what God has entirely divided; to speak of the whole human race as an unit, an individual whom God is educating, is simply to shut our eyes to the truths of revelation, and to ignore the facts of the world's history. Yet this is what is done in the essay before us. One would suppose that the author never heard of sin or of its wages; of scenes that were enacted in Eden and on Calvary. Views are put forward, and theories propounded, wholly at variance with them; perhaps they are regarded only as myths. But there are other things equally disregarded which cannot be treated as myths, even by the wildest fancy, the sin and sorrow and death that are in the world.

"Man cannot be considered as an individual" (p. 2). "We may conclude that we are to look for that progress which is essential to a spiritual being, subject to the lapse of time, not only in the individual, but also quite as much in the race taken as a whole. We may expect to find in the history of man, each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding. This power, whereby the present ever gathers into itself the results of the past, transforms the human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the Creation to the day of judgment. The successive generations of men are days in this man's life. The discoveries and inventions which characterize the different epochs of the world's history are his works. The creeds and doctrines, the opinions and principles of the successive ages are his thoughts; the state of society at different times are his manners. He grows in knowledge, in self-control, in visible size, just as we do. And his education is in the same way, and for the same reason, precisely similar to ours" (p. 3). "We may, then, rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world" (p. 4).

Now we ask, on what foundation does this pretty theory concerning this "colossal man," this "spiritual being," rest? Not on Scripture, nor on facts, nor on experience; but on fancy. It may

\* Butler's Analogy, Part ii. chap. i. ii.

† Bacon's Theological Works: A Confession of Faith.

suit very well the atmosphere of a great educational establishment, but it lifts us entirely out of the region of this matter-of-fact world. The whole theory might be dismissed in one word, it is contrary to experience. There is, doubtless, a sense in which the progress of the world may be traced, and the education of the human race be considered. The present is influenced by the past, the discoveries and inventions of every age become the inheritance of those that succeed, the progress of science gives man every day a greater mastery over nature; and as the highways of the world are opened up, and nations are brought together, the human mind expands, civilization advances, knowledge increases, prejudices are removed; and so, in a social sense, we may speak of and trace the progress of the world's education. But if from this we argue the moral and spiritual progress of the human race; if we believe that by a progressive development it is advancing forward through successive stages to its higher destiny, we are putting the ideal in the place of the actual, and substituting for the reality of things a mere phantom of the imagination. What evidence is there that mankind, as a spiritual being, is growing in knowledge and self-control? Let tyranny and oppression, trampling on the liberty of nations; let thrones falling and dynasties sinking amid the execrations of emancipated peoples; let the ambition of kings and the intrigues of cabinets; let civilized and Christian countries, trafficking in human blood and stamping on the brow of another race the hated brand of slavery; let science, taxed to render more destructive the implements of war; let the rush of armies and the groans of dying thousands on the battle-fields of civilized Europe; let the gigantic commercial frauds and the domestic profligacy of the nineteenth century, all give in their witness; and if we have an ear to hear the voice of truth, we will understand that man's nature, even under the most favourable circumstances, remains what it ever was,—fallen and alienated from God, smitten with a sore disease which it needs a power divine to heal.

The fundamental fallacy pervading this essay is, the confusion of two things which are diametrically opposed, and which stand out in Scripture in bold contrast with each other,—the world and the Church; and the error of the writer is, that he makes God's dealings with the world in providence, take the place of His dealings with the Church in grace. To educate the world is represented as the ultimate end of all God's ways; his purpose in Christ to "redeem unto himself a peculiar people," is entirely ignored. That the fallacy occurred to the mind of the author, is evident; for, in developing the comparison he institutes between the education of the world and that of an individual, he finds himself more than once obliged to substitute the Church for the human race.

"The growth of the Church is, in this case, the development of the human race. It cannot, indeed, yet be said that all humanity has united into one stream" (p. 15).

And again:—

"If the Christian Church be taken as the representative of mankind, it is easy to see that the general law observable in the development of the individual may also be found in the development of the Church" (p. 40).

Now, even were this so, we object to the "if." He has no right to speak one time of the Church, and the next moment of the human race, as if they were convertible; whereas, they are the very opposite poles. As well might light be taken as the representative of darkness, as the Church the representative of the world. Our Lord says, "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world." Again, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." The foundation, then, of the argument, if indeed there be any argument in the essay, is fallacious, and so there is nothing built upon it but error.

What the purposes are for which mankind is being educated, or what is to be the end of his training, we are not informed; but its stages are traced, and the means employed in his education discussed.

"This training has three stages," "in childhood," "in youth," "in manhood." "First come Rules, then Examples, then Principles. First comes the law, then the Son of Man, then the gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child, under tutors and governors, until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example to which all ages should turn was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within" (p. 5).

Such are the stages in the education of this "Colossal Man," the lesson to be taught is "the lesson of humanity." And this lesson consisted in the discipline of "the human conscience," "the human will," "the reason and taste," and "the spiritual imagination." But the pupil was too big, and "the whole lesson of humanity was too much to be learned by all at once; different parts of it fell to the task of different parts of the human race" (p. 8). Thus, the world being too large, and the lesson too long, God broke up the one into different classes, and divided the other into different parts; "the world, as it were, went to school, and was broken up into classes."

The classes into which the human race were divided are four:—the Hebrews, Romans, Greeks, and Asiatics. Each of these were taught a particular lesson, and each contributed that lesson as an element to the general education of the whole. Now, it will readily be admitted

that every nation has left an impression upon the world, and that the influence of the literature and laws of Greece and Rome is felt even in our day; and if, as indeed we are told, civilization be the lesson of humanity, then we can easily recognize a variety of teachers. "It is not difficult to trace the chief elements of civilization which we owe to each of the four" (p. 15). But when it is added, "each of these contributed something to the growth of the future Church, and the growth of the Church is in this case the development of the human race," we entirely demur, for the civilization of the human race and the growth of the Church are altogether different things.

And here we must observe that this theory has not even the merit of originality; for in it we perceive the perversion of the substance of some lectures by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, a clergyman of great talent and piety, whom it is evident from the reference to his name in one of the essays, the Rationalistic school would be anxious to claim; but from whose sermons may be gathered a distinct denial of its errors. He, too, speaks of the "four divisions of the world," "the Greeks, the Romans, the Barbarians, and the Jews;" but he does so to show the degeneracy and corruption of the religions of the world, and to establish the necessity of their being superseded by Christianity.

Let us hear the Rev. Frederick Robertson, the preacher, and the Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., the essayist.

REV. F. ROBERTSON.\*

"Different nations seem, consciously or unconsciously, destined by God to achieve different missions. The Jew had the highest: to reveal to the world holiness. The Oriental stands as a witness to the reality of the invisible above the visible. The Greek reminded the world of eternal beauty; and the destiny of the Roman seems to have been to stamp upon the minds of mankind the ideas of law, government, order.

"The Greek, seeing the right only on its side of beauty, ended in mere intellectual refinement.

"Hence Greek religion degenerated into mere taste.

"The Greek saw this world almost only on its side of beauty. His name for it was *kosmos*, divine order or regularity. *One and the same adjective* expressed the noble and the beautiful. What was the consequence? Religion degenerated into the arts.

"It was not merely beauty but human beauty, not merely life, but human life, which was the object of his profoundest veneration. His effort, therefore, was, in his conception of his God, to realize a beautiful human being.

"The Roman has left above all that system of law, the slow result of ages of experience, which has so largely entered into the modern jurisprudence of most European nations.

"The Roman's destiny was different. He set out with the great idea of duty and law, exhibiting in public affairs government and order; stamping upon the world the great idea of obedience to law.

"In Rome religion degenerated into allegiance to the state. Religion, a Roman word, means obligation—abounding power. The Roman began, like the Jew, with law. He started with the idea of duty.

"The Oriental stands as a witness to the reality of the invisible above the visible."

From a comparison of these extracts it will be easily seen that the idea of the "Education of the World" is not altogether original. But how different are the ends which the preacher and the essayist have in view. In the one case it is to prove the necessity for the advent of a Saviour and the introduction of Christianity; in the other to raise the religion of the world to the level of Christianity. Speaking of the Grecian, Mr. Robertson beautifully says:—

"In all this system one thing was wanting—the sense of sin. The Greek worshipped the beautiful, adored the human, deified the world: of course in

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"The Hebrews may be said to have disciplined the human conscience, Rome the human will, Greece the reason and taste, Asia the spiritual imagination.

"To Greece was entrusted the cultivation of the reason and the taste. Her gift to mankind has been science and art.

"Her highest idea was not holiness as with the Hebrews, nor law as with the Romans, but beauty. Even Aristotle placed the beautiful (*τὸ καλόν*) at the head of his moral system.

"Greece, in fact, was not looking at another world, nor even striving to organize the present, but rather aiming at the development of free nature. The highest possible cultivation of the individual, the most finished perfection of the natural faculties, was her dream.

"To Rome we owe the forms of local government which, in England, have saved liberty. Justinian's laws have penetrated into all modern legislation, and almost all improvements bring us only nearer to his code.

"Rome contributed her admirable spirit of order and organization. To her had been given the genius of government she had been trained to by centuries of difficult and tumultuous history.

"That which religion was to the Jew, law was to the Roman.

"Asia supplies the corrective by perpetually leaning to the mysterious. She learned to fix her thoughts upon another world."

\* Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A.

this worship found no place for sin. The Greek would not have spoken to you of sin : he would have told of departure from a right line ; want of moral harmony ; discord within : he would have said that the music of your soul was out of tune. Christ came to convince the world of sin. And after Him that deep cloud began to brood upon the hearts of Christendom, which rests upon the conscience which has been called into vitality of action and susceptibility. For this, Greece had no remedy. The universe has no remedy but one. There is no prescription for the sickness of the heart, *but that which is written in the Redeemer's blood.*

Let us now hear the author of "The Education of the World" speaking of the Greek :—

"To the Greeks we owe the corrective which conscience needs to borrow from nature. Conscience, startled at the awful truths which she has to reveal, too often threatens to withdraw the soul into gloomy and perverse asceticism ; then is needed the beauty which Greece taught us to admire, to show us another aspect of the Divine attributes ! " (p. 18).

So that conscience is to be quieted by the teachings of nature, and the soul is to turn to Grecian beauty to see in it the attributes of God reflected in a milder aspect. This may be Pantheism ; it may be philosophy, but it is not Christianity.

We can now understand the statement that "though the education of the world flowed in parallel channels, it did not form a single stream" (p. 81). In other words as afterwards expressed :—

"Other nations, meanwhile, had a training parallel to and contemporaneous with theirs (the Hebrews). The natural religions, shadows projected by the spiritual light within, shining on the dark problems without, were all, in reality, systems of law, given also by God. . . . The poetical gods of Greece, the legendary gods of Rome, the animal worship of Egypt, the sun worship of the East . . . were the means of educating these people to similar purposes in the economy of Providence to that for which the Hebrews were destined" (p. 15).

Is the writer really serious ? What ! shall we be told that the idolatrous religions of the heathen world are from that God who declares them to be an abomination ? Shall we be told that worship, of which cruel and obscene rites constitute the very essence, has in it a divine element ? and that the degrading superstitions of the Gentile nations were the means by which Providence was educating them ? Not such, unquestionably, is the teaching of St. Paul. "Their foolish heart was darkened ; professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things ; wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts" (Rom. i. 21—24). "But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God" (1 Cor. x. 20).

But we have reserved for consideration to the last, the part in this general system of education assigned to the Hebrew race, and the lessons to teach which they were selected.

"The results of this discipline of the Jewish nation may be summed up in two points—a settled national belief in the unity and spirituality of God, and an acknowledgment of the paramount importance of chastity as a point of morals" (p. 11).

But important as these principles are in religion and morals, shall it be said that to teach them was the grand and ultimate design of God in choosing Israel as a nation ? Is it for this they are still preserved in the earth, while other nations have perished, and ancient empires have passed away ? The author seems to have felt a misgiving on this point.

"The idea of monotheism, and the principle of purity, might seem hardly enough to be the chief results of so systematic a discipline as that of the Hebrews" (p. 13).

But we are reminded that "in reality they are the cardinal points in education ;" that impurity exceeds all other vices in virulence, and is the one which must be subdued, "in order to build up human character," and that therefore, being the one which has inflicted the most deadly blows, it had to be met by a people whose toughness of nature has enabled them to outlive the wrecks of time. The passage is a curiosity :—

"The people whose extraordinary toughness of nature has enabled it to outlive Egyptian Pharaohs, and Assyrian kings, and Roman Cæsars, and Mussulman caliphs, was well matched against a power of evil which has battled with the human spirit ever since the creation" (p. 14).

The Hebrew race, through the *extraordinary toughness of their nature*, has resisted and overcome the evil spirit of impurity, and survived the grave in which the hand of time has buried other nations. This is as poor philosophy as it is bad divinity. It is a novel theory, which few, we are inclined to think, will be disposed to adopt. However it may be regarded as an antiquated tradition, we believe that man's nature, be it ever so tough, is prone to evil, and that the only power by which it can successfully resist it, is the power of God. Nor will toughness of nature be more likely to be accepted as a sufficient explanation of the standing miracle presented to the world in the Jewish people. We know that before ever they were a nation the wondrous destiny was foretold by which they have been borne downward on that stream of time which has buried ancient empires and mighty races beneath its resistless waves. We know

it was foretold that, though scattered among the nations, they should remain a living witness for God in the earth ; and that they were called to be the instruments in His hand for the accomplishment of his eternal purposes. And what were these ? Were they merely to teach man monotheism and a purer code of morality ; that the Hebrew people should unite with the Greek, the Roman, and the Asiatic in educating the world ? No ; but that from them should spring the promised seed who was to redeem the world ; and that in their polity, and worship, and religion, might be shadowed forth the higher truth into which the Church was to be guided. "To whom," says St. Paul, "pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises ; whose are the fathers ; and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen." (Rom. ix. 4, 5.)

But we are now to mark the world entering upon the second stage of its existence and education :—

"The childhood of the world was over when our Lord appeared on earth. The tutors and governors had done their work. It was time that the second teacher of the human race should begin his labour. The second teacher is Example—(p. 20). . . . The period of youth in the history of the world, when the human race was, as it were, put under the teaching of example, corresponds, of course, to the meeting point of the Law and Gospel. The second stage, therefore, in the education of man, was the presence of our Lord upon earth (p. 24).

The world having grown too old for rules, and having reached the age when it should be educated by example, our Lord appeared, thus to be its teacher. True, he was not the only example ; there were many great and good men both before and after him.

"Saints had gone before and saints had been given since ; great men and good men had lived among the heathen ; there were never at any time examples wanting to teach either the chosen people or any other. But the one Example of all examples came in the fulness of time, just when the world was fitted to feel the power of his presence" (p. 24).

Such is said to be the great end of His mission who came in the fulness of time,—to be an example. Christ did, indeed, leave us an example that we should follow his steps. But does Scripture declare this to have been the great end for which he came into the world ? No ; his life would have been in vain without his death ; without his atonement his example would have been useless. The Apostle who speaks of his example stops not there, but adds, "who his ownself bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24). When St. Paul speaks of Christ having come in the fulness of time, what is the object for which God is declared to have sent him forth ? To educate the world ? No. To leave mankind an example ? No. But "to REDEEM them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. iv. 5.) Redemption is the theme of the Bible, the great subject of revelation, the work towards which the lines of a past eternity have converged, and from whence the life and glory of eternity will spring. The death of Christ is the corner-stone on which all human hope is based ; his atonement the key-note to which every song in heaven is tuned. To say that He came merely to be a teacher, to take part with others in the education of the world, is to assign to Him a mission unworthy of the great mystery of the incarnation. Were this all, the infidel might well object that our world is too insignificant to have lavished upon it such a stupendous miracle, that the end proposed is wholly disproportioned to the means alleged for its accomplishment. No. Something greater, something deeper, something intimately connected with the moral glory of God, brought Him from his throne, and led him to visit, in the nature and form of man, a world that is but a speck in the universe, a sand grain upon creation's boundless shore. What it was we learn in the echoes of the new song of the Redeemed, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

"Redemption is the science and the song  
Of all eternity."

But to proceed. The Lord having come as an example, it is said,—

"The first and largest place in the New Testament is assigned to His life, four times told. This life we emphatically call the Gospel. If there is little herein to be technically called doctrine, yet here is the fountain of all inspiration" (pp. 25, 26).

The life of Christ cannot be too highly regarded, whether viewed as an example, or considered in its connection with the work of human redemption ; but if it be meant to separate his life from his death and resurrection, then it is not true that we call his life emphatically the Gospel. His whole life was a preparation for his death ; towards it his soul continually travailed. "I have a baptism to be baptized with ; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." And so the four histories which record his life, not only dwell at length upon the circumstances of his death, but teach the ethical and spiritual import of his cross and passion. The Gospels, while they reveal the facts of Christianity, reveal the faith which is built upon these facts. It argues a strange forgetfulness of the teaching of our Lord, to say that in them there is little technically to be called doctrine. It is

true, indeed, that until the Spirit was poured out upon the Church, the whole mystery of the faith was not fully and clearly revealed. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." But granting this, we at the same time affirm that every fundamental doctrine of the Gospel, every essential truth of Christianity, was taught by Christ. The Trinity (John xiv. 26, xv. 26); the personality of the Holy Spirit (John xvi. 13); His own essential Godhead and equality with the Father (John xiv. 9, 10); the corruption of man's heart (Matt. xv. 19); his natural state of death and condemnation (John iii. 36); the atonement (Matt. xx. 28); man's spiritual weakness (John vi. 44); regeneration (John iii. 5); the free grace of Christ in quickening dead souls (John v. 21); justification by faith (John iii. 36, v. 24); the resurrection (John v. 28, 29). When these and such-like truths are plainly taught by Christ in the Gospels, shall it be said that there is in them little that can be called doctrine?

But while the Redeemer appeared as the great example for the instruction of mankind, we are forbidden to suppose that He was the only one to whom this office was entrusted. "He was the example of mankind, and there can be no other example in the same sense;" but

"Our Lord's presence was not the only influence of that kind which has acted upon the human race. Three companions were appointed by Providence to give their society to this creature whom God was educating; Greece, Rome, and the early Church" (p. 26).

Thus, as "*this creature*" in the first stage of its education had four teachers, "Rome, Greece, Asia, and Judea," so in the second stage, when brought under the influence of example, it still has four, our Lord, Greece, Rome, and the early Church. Greece and Rome have not only helped to discipline the human race, but have also given to it "the companionship of their bloom."

"The inspiration which is drawn by the man from the memory of those whom he loved and admired in the spring-time of life, is drawn by the world now from the study of Greece and Rome. . . . Beneath whatever was wrong and foolish it recognizes that beauty of a fresh nature which never ceases to delight. And the sins and vices of that joyous time are passed over with the levity with which men think of their young companions' follies" (p. 28).

That Greece and Rome exercised an influence on the political and intellectual life of the world no one will deny; but to represent them as associated with Christ and the early Church in the work of educating the human race is, in the first place, to create a fiction of the imagination, and then to make darkness and light, God and Satan, minister to this creature.\*

To the early Church, however, is assigned the office of chiefly influencing our religious life. The way in which she is described as doing this must well be noted. It is by example, not precepts. The world was to be taught by seeing the lives of saints, not by hearing the words of prophets: and so we are not to read the New Testament to find out—

"Doctrines logically stated, for there is no attempt at logical precision. The New Testament is almost entirely occupied with two lives—the life of our Lord and the life of the early Church. Among the Epistles there are but two which seem, even at first sight, to be treatises for the future instead of letters for the time—the Epistle to the Romans and the Epistle to the Hebrews. But even these, when closely examined, appear, like the rest, to be no more than the fruit of the current history. That early Church does not give us precepts but an example. She says, Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ. This had never been said by Moses nor by any of the prophets. But the world was now grown old enough to be taught by seeing the lives of saints better than by hearing the words of prophets" (p. 28).

It is not difficult to perceive the drift of all this; indeed, it is not attempted to be concealed. It is plainly to set aside all distinctive truth, all dogmatic teaching. We are asked to believe that in the New Testament there are no doctrines logically stated; that is, we take it, no truth clearly defined; that we have in it example, not precepts; and that the Epistles are "letters for the time," not "treatises for the future." Now we admit that some of the Epistles, for example, those to the Corinthians and Galatians, are the fruit of the current history of the Church. Error in doctrine and practice was the immediate occasion which called them forth; but, even were this true of all the Epistles, would it be any proof that the warning and instruction they contain were not intended for the use and edification of the Church in every age? Surely not; on the contrary, it would seem such instruction would ever after be the more needed, the error which once arose being the more likely again to appear.

But in point of fact such is not the case. Some of the Epistles were evidently written as connected treatises on great Christian truths, setting them forth objectively in fulness of doctrinal statement. Thus in the Epistle to the Romans there is a logically arranged argument on the fundamental doctrine of justification; while in that to the Hebrews the typical character of the Levitical dispensation is beautifully unfolded, and the priesthood of Christ, in all its various

\* If in any region of Heathendom the evil spirits had pre-eminent sway, it was in the mythological system of Greece, which, with all its beautiful imagery and all its ministrations to poetry and art, left man powerless against his passions, and only amused him while it helped him to be unholy.—Conybeare and Howson, "Life of St. Paul," vol. i, chap. ix.

bearings, brought out. Nor are these the only ones which present this character. In the Epistle to the Ephesians we have the mystery "concerning Christ and his Church" revealed, traced backward to its source in the eternal purposes of God, and carried forward to its accomplishment in the ages to come; the whole subject of the Epistle furnishing the strongest refutation of the theory of "*The Education of the World*." Dean Alford says of this Epistle:—

"We have here an entire absence of all controversial allusion, and of all assertion as against maintainers of doctrinal error. The Christian state, and its realization in the Church, is the one subject."\*

Again:—

"He might pour forth to his Ephesians all the fulness of the Spirit's revelations and promptings on the great subject of the Spouse and Body of Christ. To them, without being bound to narrow his energies evermore into one line of controversial direction, he might lay forth, as he should be empowered, *their foundation in the counsel of the Father, their course in the satisfaction of the Son, their perfection in the work of the Spirit.*"

"We have in the Ephesians the free outflowing of the earnest spirit: to the mere surface reader, without system; but to him that delves down into it, *in system far deeper, and more recondite, and more exquisite*: the greatest and most heavenly work of one whose very imagination was peopled with the things in the heavens, and even his fancy rapt into the visions of God."†

It is wholly untrue, then, that there is no system of divine truth revealed in the New Testament. The Son of God is "the truth," and his doctrine is emphatically "the faith." We hear of, and are exhorted earnestly to contend for *τὴν ἀπάξ παραδοθεῖσην τοῖς ἀγίοις πιστεῖς*—"the faith once for all delivered to the saints" (Jude 3). By the belief of it sinners are to be saved, by the belief of it saints are sanctified; by it the spiritual man is formed. We read of "that mould of doctrine into which ye were delivered,"—*εἰς ὃν παρεδόθητε τέπτοντας ἀπάχης* (Rom. vi. 17). It was for this sacred deposit Paul was so anxious; for this John was so jealous. When Paul speaks of that by which we are saved, if we hold it fast, what is its nature? Is it some dreamy, undefined mysticism? No, but a system of Divine truth, based upon the historical facts of Christianity. "I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; *by which also ye are saved*, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, *how that Christ died for our sins* according to the Scriptures; and *that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day* according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 1—4). With such a passage and such teaching as this before us, how can it be said that there are no doctrines logically stated, and that what the early Church gives us is only example. If we take from the Bible all distinctive truth, what do we leave? A track of light reflected on the world by the footsteps of the Son of God; but like the moonbeams on the waters, varying in direction with the position of each beholder, and leaving no fixed track along which we are to steer.

The object of this endeavour to eliminate the doctrinal element from Scripture is admitted. It is plainly avowed to be to deliver man, now that he has reached maturity, from the despotism of the letter of the Bible, and place him under the guidance of his own conscience.

We are now to follow the author through the parallel he institutes between the education of the individual and the human race in its last stage.

"The susceptibility of youth to the impression of society wears off at last. The age of reflection begins. From the storehouse of his youthful experience the man begins to draw the principles of his life. The spirit or conscience comes to full strength, and assumes the throne intended for him in the soul. As an accredited judge, invested with full powers, he sits in the tribunal of our inner kingdom, decides upon the past, and legislates upon the future, *WITHOUT APPEAL EXCEPT TO HIMSELF*. He decides, not by what is beautiful, or noble, or soul inspiring, but by what is right. Gradually he frames his code of laws, revising, adding, abrogating, as a wider and deeper experience gives him clearer light. He is the third great teacher and the last" (p. 31).

Thus, when conscience enters on its office, education does not cease; its function is to guide us into truth. And so it leads the man in the last stage of his progress in various ways. He learns "by experience," "by reflection," "by mistakes," "by contradiction," and "collision,"—

"Such is the last stage in the education of the human soul, and similar (as far as it has yet gone) has been the last stage in the education of the human race. Of course so full a comparison cannot be made in this instance as was possible in the two that preceded it. For we are still within the boundaries of this third

\* Prolegomena, Chap. iii, sect. vi, vol. iii.

† Prolegomena, Chap. iv, sect. iv.

‡ "De W. thinks it is the Pauline form of teaching of justification by faith, distinguished from the Judaistic—*to which ye were delivered*—this inversion to the passive agrees admirably with *τὸν πόνον*, as a mould, exemplar, or pattern after which they were to be fashioned: so *κατὰ τὰ ὀργάνα την πονησθαι*.—Arrian. Enchir. ii. 19 [Thol.]; and Beza: 'Hoc dicendi genus magnum quandam emphasis videtur habere. Ita enim significatur evangelicam doctrinam quasi instar typi cuiusdam esse, cui veluti immittatur, ut ejus figurae conformemur, et totam istam transformationem aliunde provenire.'—[Thol.] And Chrys. remarks,—*τὸν παραδοθῆναι, την τοῦ Θεοῦ βοηθείαν ανιττεῖν*.—ALFORD, in loc.

period, and we cannot yet judge it as a whole. But if the Christian Church be taken as the representative of mankind, it is easy to see that the general law observable in the development of the individual may also be found in the development of the Church" (p. 40).

The Christian Church the representative of mankind! Here the whole theory fails; the castle in the air crumbles; the *education of the world* comes to a stand; a new pupil is introduced; in fact, the teacher becomes the learner; and we are now asked to trace "*the development of the Church*."

Well, then, having entered on her last stage of education, "the Church, in the fullest sense, is left to herself to work out by her natural faculties, the principles of her own action" (p. 40). She commenced at once the task "by determining her leading doctrines," "partly by reflection," "partly by perpetual collision with every variety of opinion." Thus her "career of dogmatism" began. "The Church's whole energy was taken up in the first six centuries of her existence, in the creation of a theology" (p. 43), for "when Christians needed creeds . . . and systems of theology, they could not find them in the New Testament. They found there only the materials out of which such needs could be supplied" (p. 29). Now we submit if they found this, it is enough. If the Church found the materials of her theology in Scripture, she did not create it. Though the Apostles' Creed or Thirty-nine Articles may not be found in the New Testament in so many words, if they can be proved thereby, they are to be received as embodying Divine truth. However, "the Church of the Fathers claimed to do what not even the Apostles had claimed—namely, not only to teach the truth, but to clothe it in logical statements" (p. 41). In fact, the Church of the Fathers had not learned the cloudy, foggy style so generally affected by writers of a certain school in the present day, in order to teach truth without logic, which consists in multiplying words without meaning, and clothing fancies in a haze that they may be taken for realities. But it is confessed that "this was, after all, only an exaggeration of the proper function of the time. These logical statements were necessary" (p. 41). Now, however, it is different.

"And it belongs to a later epoch to see 'the law within the law,' which absorbs such statements into something higher than themselves" (p. 41). "The mature mind of our race is beginning to modify and soften the hardness and severity of the principles which its early manhood had elevated into immutable statements of truth. . . . We can acknowledge the great value of the forms in which the first ages of the Church defined the truth, and yet refuse to be bound by them; we can use them, and yet endeavour to go beyond them, just as they also went beyond the legacy which was left us by the Apostles" (pp. 43, 44).

In a word, even at the Reformation "the time was come when it is fit to trust to the conscience as the supreme guide" (p. 42).

Here, beyond a doubt, we have a specimen of a free handling of religious truth. We should have thought that what was true when Augustine and Chrysostom preached and wrote, is true now; and that what is false now could not have been true then; that if redemption through the death of Christ were true then, it must be true now; and that Christianity, like its great Author, is unchangeable. But no;

"The Bible, from its very form, is exactly suited to our present want; had it been drawn up in precise statements of faith, or detailed precepts of conduct, we should have had no alternative but either *permanent subjection to an outer law*, or loss of the highest instrument of self-education."

But the Bible is a history; even the doctrinal parts of it are cast in a historical form, and are best studied by considering them as *records of the time in which they were written*, and as conveying to us the highest and greatest religious life of that time. Hence, we are to use the Bible, not to overrule, but to evoke the voice of conscience.

"The Bible, in fact, is hindered by its form from exercising a despotism over the human spirit; if it could do that, it would become an outer law at once; but its form is so admirably adapted to our need, that it wins from us all the reverence of a supreme authority, and yet imposes on us no yoke of subjection" (pp. 44, 45).

Thus the supremacy of the Bible is set aside, the human spirit is set free; it is under no outer law, no subjection; like the Gentile world, it is a law unto itself. Man is now to trust to conscience as the supreme guide; it is to be the teacher both of faith and morals, to determine his belief, and regulate his life.

"Private judgment puts conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience the *supreme interpreter*, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey" (p. 45).

Now no one will deny that God has given a conscience unto man. It is "the candle of the Lord within;" and it is invested with authority. As Bishop Butler says:—

"There is a superior principle of reflection or conscience in every man, which distinguishes between the internal principles of his heart, as well as his external actions, which passes judgment upon himself and them. . . . It is by this faculty, natural to man, that he is a moral agent, that he is a law to himself; by this faculty, I say, not to be considered merely as a principle in his heart, which is to have some influence as well as others, but considered as a faculty in kind and in nature, supreme over all others, and which bears its own authority of being so."<sup>\*</sup>

\* Sermon II. upon Human Nature.

But observe, the supremacy which Butler claims for conscience is a supremacy over all the other passions and affections and principles of man's nature; it has a superior nature to every other principle. An appetite or passion may incline or lead a man to follow it. Conscience commands him to obey it. Man's conscience, then, is invested with authority over the other principles of his nature. But Butler is far from saying that it is to overrule a higher voice of God, that it is the criterion of right, the fountain of moral truth, that there is nothing anterior to it; indeed, while his theory of conscience is correct, he stops short, and does not touch the great ethical question which lies deeper.

"The most palpable defect of Butler's scheme is, that it affords no answer to the question, 'What is the distinguishing quality common to all right actions?' If it be answered, their criterion is that they are approved and commanded by conscience, the answerer would find that he was involved in a vicious circle; for conscience itself could be no otherwise defined than as the faculty which approves and commands right actions."<sup>\*</sup>

Again, and this is most important, while no one would say it is a duty to disobey conscience, it is admitted, "it may be a duty to enlighten it," but how is it be enlightened if it be the supreme guide, if it refuse subjection to any outer and higher law, if it is to sit in judgment upon the teachings of the Bible, instead of the Bible reflecting its light upon it? The truth is, conscience needs to be enlightened, and not only enlightened, but often corrected; like every other part of man's nature it has felt the influence of the fall. Man is a harp with all its chords unstrung, and conscience needs to be tuned by the finger of God. We read of "a conscience seared with a hot iron," of "an evil conscience," as well as of "a pure conscience," and "a good conscience." Man's conscience is indeed a compass, but to make it safe always to go by it, it is necessary it should sometimes be regulated; there are disturbing influences acting upon it, and unless it be corrected and enlightened by the pure Word of God, instead of guiding us in the way of life, it may lead us into the paths of death.

We cannot listen, then, to the cry for toleration when it claims liberty to "substitute the spirit for the letter, and practical religion for precise definitions of truth" (p. 43). A plea for toleration is very specious, it is sure to enlist the sympathy of liberal and enlightened minds. We believe toleration to be a Christian duty taught in Scripture, both by precept and example. But toleration has its limits; if there be such a thing as truth, we have as good a right to claim toleration for it as others have for error. Why should toleration be all on one side? We may be willing to bear and forbear, but no Church which believes that the Scriptures are the Word of God can listen to "arguments in favour of tolerating all opinions" (p. 46). This is licence, not liberty. The fact is, the question is raised whether there be any spiritual truth, whether the Bible be the Word of God. We must not conceal it, this is not a question of difference of opinion between those who believe in revelation. We hesitate not to declare, it is a question between revelation and infidelity. For this the Church is prepared, nor does she "fear the result of any investigation, whether philosophical, or scientific, or historical." But while we agree with the letter of the following passage, we dissent entirely from its spirit, and solemnly protest against its style.

"If geology proves to us that we must not interpret the first chapters of Genesis literally; if historical investigations shall show us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracy; if careful criticism shall prove that there have been, occasionally, interpolations and forgeries in that Book, as in many others, the results should still be welcome!"

*Parturient montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.* To what purpose is this string of hypotheticals to give birth to such a common-place truism? This, perhaps, may be considered very smart writing; but it is as disgraceful as mischievous. It is wholly unworthy of an author who undertakes to treat of subjects of such grave importance; "ifs" are not arguments; and even though they be only employed to introduce a statement that no one will dispute, they should not be made the medium of conveying insinuations which, though powerless to convince, are mischievous to disturb. The passage, however, gives the key-note to which the performances in subsequent essays are tuned.

In conclusion, we have in this Essay a striking illustration of the truth of the inspired statement, "The world by wisdom knew not God." Here we have human intellect groping in Egyptian darkness; seeking its inspiration from Greece and Rome, and not from the oracles of God. How unlike is this philosophy to the philosophy of St. Paul; how unlike the philosophy of "*The Education of the World*" to the philosophy of the Epistle to the Ephesians! Here we have man's wisdom forming fanciful theories about the education of a "Colossal man," alike opposed to Scripture and experience; there we have the mystery revealed into which angels desire to look; and the divine purpose concerning the Church made known, by the study of which the powers and principalities of Heaven learn "the manifold wisdom of God."

\* Mackintosh on Ethical Philosophy, Sect. v.—Butler.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**HOTEL COMPANIES.**—It has been confidently assumed by the promoters of Hotel Companies, in their Prospectuses, that Innkeeping is likely to be better done than ever by the novel means of "Trustees, Board of Directors, Auditors, Standing Counsel, Solicitors, Brokers, Architect, Surveyor, Secretary," and the proprietorship of a multitude of Shareholders. The house is to be built and fitted up under the direction of Directors who do not pretend to be "Innkeepers;" it is to be far more costly in site, in construction, accommodation,—and therefore in rental,—than any of the old-fashioned Inns; the "charges" are to be less than have been customary at Inns; yet the profits are to be so great that all the subscribers are to derive enormous interest from their capital without any toil. But whilst these propositions are supposed to be taken for granted, there is one question unsettled, not even alluded to in the Prospectuses, namely, whether Innkeeping be indeed a pursuit consistent with the operations of a share Company.

The enterprise of a former age, perhaps less wise than ours, extended no further in this direction than the production of rental,—contented to leave to the worker the fruits of industry. Will the question, then, bear the test of rental? No one, not even a Company, would propose to build a Hotel except at a place much resorted to, and in a first-class position there. Land is then dear. The Hotel (including land) built for £100,000 in this country would not be of extraordinary proportions. Seven per cent. is not held to be more than a fairly advantageous interest on Buildings. *Where* would such Hotel be accepted by a tenant at rental of £7,000 per annum? One of the most carefully considered Hotel projects (London) was lately estimated thus:—Land, £180,000; Building, £100,000. It is doubtful that the Building could have been erected for this amount; yet at £280,000—5 per cent., a rental would be required of £14,000 per annum. Surely no Tenant but a "Company" could afford to pay that.

It is, however, the praise and glory of the present generation to have discovered that Inns may not only be made to pay such rentals, but also be *conducted* by a Company. The fish, flesh, and fowl, the butter and eggs, and soap and candles, the wines and spirits, pale ale and soda-water, the linen and crockery, the wear and tear, the men-servants and maid-servants in every degree—administered by a Board of Directors in conclave assembled once a week! Such is the scope of their jurisdiction. They have to manage the Manager and dispose of his week's budget of perplexities and miscarriages, accidents and offences, at one sitting. Unless the Hotel be large it were not taken up by a Company; the details committed to the Manager must therefore be extensive and various; does he supervise the Cuisin, regulate all things, impose obedience? He must know more than his masters. How can they govern him? Hence the most necessary, if the least agreeable duty of the Manager will be to direct the Directors. Alas! to what deception, obfuscation, and folly must they not be liable? Were it reasonable that a man who had the tact to rule the heterogeneous elements of a Directorate, with the ability and knowledge to well manage the Hotel, should not soon prefer to occupy a better position? If fit for a Master, he will not be contented as one of many masters. The Manager to a Hotel Company will therefore be an inferior man—a man of tact chiefly.

The proper sphere of a Company, if not vast, is always indefinite; whereas the business of an Inn is absolutely "limited" to the capacity of the building. So many rooms, occupied so and so, and there is an end of it. Superabundance of trade at one period cannot, in this case, compensate deficiency at another. This is one of the many incompatibilities of Innkeeping to the operation of a share Company. What, then, has induced the recognition of "Hotel Companies?" It is a delusion.

"Greater the interest, less the security," is a modern axiom, and it undoubtedly applies to Hotel Companies. Innkeeping is made up of minute and multifarious details, and success in it is the reward of diligent and *direct* control thereof. Is it then fairly presumable that shareholders, as promised in the prospectuses of Hotel Companies, will obtain 25 or 30 per cent. from money so invested and worked by Directors who, ignorant of innkeeping, would in fact feel insulted by the title of "Innkeeper?" The expectation of shareholders to obtain 30 per cent. interest without participation in the labour of earning, or without imminent risk of loss, is obviously chimerical. Such an overplus after the grandly augmented outlay, and expenses above indicated, and "reduced charges," would imply profits quite gigantic to the individual Innkeeper, with his plain house and economical arrangements, and suggest the reflection,—Why, in this age of competition he has maintained his prices? If that promise of the Prospectuses of Hotel Companies were true, it ought not to be so, for it would betray a breadth of margin which must be pronounced unjustifiable in a commercial Company, and a robbery of the public.

**CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, WEST STRAND.**

The Governors earnestly solicit ASSISTANCE for this Hospital, which is chiefly dependent upon Voluntary Contributions and Legacies. It provides accommodation for upwards of 100 in-patients constantly, and prompt aid to nearly 3,000 cases of accidents and dangerous emergency annually, besides relief to an unlimited number of sick and disabled poor daily.

Subscriptions are thankfully received by the Secretary at the Hospital, and by Messrs. COUTTS, Messrs. DRUMMOND, and Messrs. HOARE; and through all the principal Bankers.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Hon. Sec.

## TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

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The total Claims paid since the establishment of the Society amount to £200,000.

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The thoroughly established character of the STAR, and the profitable nature of its business transactions, make it a most available medium for family provision.

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ANNUAL REPORT, 1861.

The Thirty-fifth Annual General Meeting of the Standard Life Assurance Company was held at Edinburgh, on Monday, the 25th of February.

The following results were communicated in the Report by the Directors, showing the operations of the Company during the year 1860:—

Amount proposed for Assurance during the year, contained in 1,384 Proposals ..... £807,747 0 0

Amount of Assurances accepted, and for which Policies were issued, contained in 1,207 Policies ..... 705,897 0 0

Annual Premiums on New Policies ..... 22,565 4 6

Claims by Death during the year, exclusive of Bonus Additions ..... 104,326 14 8

Annual Revenue at 15th November, 1860 ..... 304,161 13 7

Arising from Premiums ..... £227,593 4 1

From Interest on the Invested Funds ..... 76,588 9 6

£304,161 13 7

Accumulated Fund, invested in Government Securities, in land, mortgages, &c. ..... 1,805,982 13 6

Average amount of New Assurances Annually for the last Fourteen Years, Half a Million sterling, being the largest amount of business transacted in that period by any insurance company.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, Manager.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

NOTE.—An Adjourned Meeting will be held early in May, to receive the Report on the Division of Profits for the past Quinquennial period.

## A L B E R T A N D M E D I C A L L I F E

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE: 7, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

CITY BRANCH: 63, Moorgate-street, E.C.

The Business of the MEDICAL, INVALID, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY having been amalgamated with the ALBERT LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, the united businesses will henceforth be carried on under the above title.

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## DISEASED LIVES.

The experience of the Medical Life Office having fully established the accuracy of their special Tables for Diseased Lives, these risks will be taken as heretofore.

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Assurances effected at the most moderate rates of Premium which recent data justify, and more than ordinary facilities given to Assurers proceeding abroad.

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ESTABLISHED 1836. EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

This Company has attained a very high position amongst the Insurance Institutions of Great Britain. Its annual revenue exceeds £500,000, its invested funds amount to £1,260,000.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Premiums exceed £310,000, and place it in the first class of Fire Offices; its liberality and promptitude in settling claims have been established in the adjustment of enormous losses; and its influence in determining rates of Premium has uniformly been given to proposals for improving the character of risks that high Premiums may be unnecessary.

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The Reserve in this Department has been increased by the addition of upwards of £58,000 in the year 1860 alone. The system of Bonuses is simple, involving no possible liability of partnership; liberal, guaranteeing a more than average amount of benefit; satisfying, because known at the date of the insurance, and therefore free from disappointment, uncertainty, and doubt. The arrangements in other respects are intended to render the Policies of the LIVERPOOL and LONDON perfect securities in the hands of third parties. The Annual Premiums exceed £130,000; the Accumulated Reserve is £707,000.

## ANNUITIES.

The Payments by the Company exceed £19,000 per annum. Every facility is afforded to persons purchasing Annuities to enable their receipt at such times and places as may be convenient, and the terms and rates will be found satisfactory.

## PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

The following TABLE exhibits the gradual growth during TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, and present position of the Company:—

YEAR.	FIRE DEPARTMENT.		CAPITAL AND RESERVED FUNDS.			LIFE DEPARTMENT.		Age of Company.
	Amount of Premiums.	Amount of Losses.	Amount of each Year's Dividend.	Capital on which Dividend was paid.	Accumulated Funds.	Amount of Premium.	Amount of Claims.	
1836	£ 9,970 11 7	£ 1,079 4 8	£ 0 0 0	£ 0 0 0	£ 9,418 18 5	£ 881 0 4	£ 0 0 0	1st Year.
1837	11,986 17 2	5,173 0 0	3,458 15 0	66,175 0 0	16,328 8 5	1,754 13 7	600 0 0	2nd "
1838	16,540 13 10	23,582 14 10	3,471 17 6	69,437 10 0	9,312 5 4	2,396 13 0	1,590 0 0	3rd "
1839	19,025 9 0	10,509 12 9	3,471 17 6	69,437 10 0	18,623 3 9	2,345 5 3	497 4 0	4th "
1840	20,697 18 2	1,888 5 6	3,471 17 6	69,437 10 0	38,312 19 6	2,668 18 3	3,900 0 0	5th "
1841	20,682 19 11	10,758 17 3	3,380 12 6	67,612 10 0	51,577 6 3	2,833 8 4	4,000 0 0	6th "
1842	23,805 11 7	46,520 13 8	3,380 12 6	67,612 10 0	28,153 5 9	3,162 15 9	3,699 19 6	7th "
1843	48,246 8 1	44,250 13 10	3,380 12 6	67,612 10 0	38,631 2 4	3,277 11 9	600 0 0	8th "
1844	56,239 5 5	14,050 7 8	11,930 12 6	79,537 10 0	115,900 13 11	3,817 4 5	200 0 0	9th "
1845	*50,193 0 0	4,232 12 6	36,730 17 6	101,992 10 0	159,842 12 1	4,390 17 6	1,064 9 6	10th "
1846	47,763 1 0	24,866 10 7	45,270 10 3	186,092 10 0	175,473 9 11	16,166 7 5	4,700 0 0	11th "
1847	41,402 14 0	19,752 8 10	36,379 1 4	188,047 10 0	181,751 4 10	19,840 11 5	15,388 9 0	12th "
1848	+35,472 18 1	8,169 9 8	33,160 17 6	188,047 10 0	197,727 7 8	21,198 12 7	9,061 19 4	13th "
1849	36,517 15 4	18,637 14 0	24,098 5 4	188,547 10 0	211,798 18 0	23,505 17 5	8,116 0 0	14th "
1850	42,928 7 3	7,415 1 1	24,834 15 0	188,547 10 0	227,153 8 2	25,467 16 1	6,078 11 0	15th "
1851	54,305 17 9	9,276 6 1	34,992 2 11	196,697 10 0	306,126 12 3	27,157 18 8	21,685 10 0	16th "
1852	98,654 14 10	59,091 0 11	35,125 15 3	198,072 10 0	358,153 4 11	50,799 17 11	19,636 2 6	17th "
1853	113,612 4 6	42,846 1 0	35,759 4 8	199,322 10 0	421,578 7 9	53,128 2 8	23,160 3 9	18th "
1854	146,096 15 9	94,178 19 9	38,458 9 10	‡168,558 0 0	483,803 2 9	57,113 4 0	19,445 19 3	19th "
1855	186,271 16 11	98,559 9 0	41,880 16 0	170,858 0 0	546,067 15 10	63,909 19 5	27,997 15 0	20th "
1856	222,279 10 6	108,306 15 10	48,314 18 7	175,008 0 0	646,053 8 6	72,781 15 10	28,855 4 0	21st "
1857	289,251 0 4	165,240 7 6	55,895 2 0	188,422 0 0	900,228 3 9	101,928 14 1	46,616 12 11	22nd "
1858	276,058 7 0	190,372 12 7	55,961 6 0	188,702 0 0	967,971 15 0	121,411 10 9	53,660 11 9	23rd "
1859	295,414 8 10	201,885 7 11	56,153 8 0	188,702 0 0	1,025,072 7 4	127,415 14 9	84,748 12 6	24th "
1860	313,725 12 7	225,832 4 7	56,213 8 0	188,902 0 0	1,070,924 2 0	131,721 10 6	76,029 4 10	25th "

\* Rates of Premium largely reduced.

† A further reduction of Rates.

‡ Twenty per cent. returned to the Proprietors.

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